

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 10, 1965

"The Battlefield Is a Lonely Place"

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

David Chittenden

GENERAL JOHNSON
ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF

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Allied Chemical makes the key ingredient for "instant splints."

Capran® nylon film. It's used in a new, lightweight splint you can apply in seconds after a fracture or other injury occurs. Slip

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Huzza. I expect to be rich.
Tell me more about
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To: The St. Paul Insurance Companies
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Now, from The St. Paul Insurance Companies, this rather remarkable new policy from Western Life.

You can now own a \$25,000 (or larger) life insurance policy for *less* per year if you will keep the policy ten years.

If you were rich already, you would want to buy Ordinary Life. But if you're still *expecting* to be rich, you'll welcome the price break the new "Rewarder" Policy offers. It helps you afford the really big bundle of life insurance you may want, years before your ship comes in. (And it gives you a better price on Ordinary Life



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Why the lower cost? Built into the cost of most life policies is money to provide for dropouts; people who drop their policies within the first year or two. But now Western Life can insure you *without* this extra cost, when you guarantee with a cash deposit to keep your policy ten years. This deposit comes back to you with full 4% compound interest when the ten years is up.

We call this new policy "The Rewarder." Ready for a reward? Mail the coupon. (Not if you live in New York, though; sorry.)

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INSURANCE COMPANIES



Serving you around the world... around the clock

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St. Paul Mercury Insurance Company
Western Life Insurance Company
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102



We've probably broken more things than anyone in the moving business.

We've had longer to break things.
74 years, to be exact.

And since we've grown in that time to become the world's largest moving and storage company, we've had more chances to break things.

But experience is a great teacher. And one of the lessons we've learned along the way is that the longer a man has been in the moving business, the fewer things he breaks. Today, our men average over ten years in the moving business.

We've learned that men move faster and more efficiently when they've been through a tough training program. Ours is so tough only half the men make it through the first year.

We've learned that well-kept vans don't have breakdowns and cause unnecessary delays. So to keep our vans in top shape we built up the largest maintenance operation owned by any company in the moving industry.

The next time you have a long move to make, we hope you'll pick up the phone and give Bekins a call.

That would be a nice break for us.



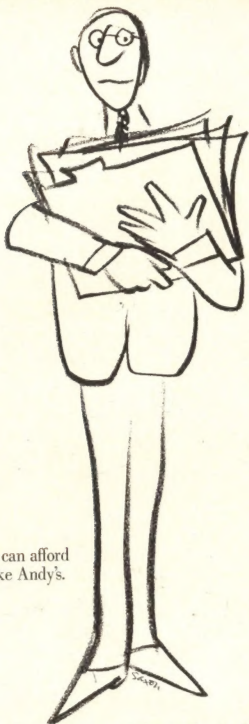
**Mrs.
Peter
Sellers
loves
'That
Man'**



'That Man' by Revlon

A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE AND AFTER-SHAVE LOTION.

ALSO SPRAY-DEODORANT BODY TALC, SOAP, TALC, PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE.



We're not sure we can afford
any more help like Andy's.

There he stood, asking for 70 million dollars to change all our jets.

We'd just bought them and business was fine, but business seems to be beneath people in Engineering.

"If we changed to fan-jets we'd take off 30% faster than anybody..."

It must be nice, being an engineer.

(It isn't the engineers who have to tell the stockholders you're spending 10 years' profits.)

But what got us was that way engineers have of arguing. "Gentlemen, don't we *want* more power?"

And that, of course, put the real question right in our lap. Were we in

the flying business or the saving money business?

So, we did it. 5 years ago. And looking back, we wonder why the decision was so hard to make at the time.

Still, most airlines didn't see it this way at all.

Did they, Andy?

American Airlines



Do you give token gifts?



Or do you give Ballantine's, the Scotch that
always reveals its good taste—and yours.

You really
know how to
get to people!




BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 66 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.
PRE-WRAPPED WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE IN FIFTHS, QUARTS AND HALF-GALLONS; GALLONS: WHERE LEGAL.



SOME OF OUR BEST FRIENDS ARE CHAUFFEURS. And there are a number of reasons why: the car's exceptional comfort, its great interior luxury, its new smoothness and quietness of operation, the marvelous ease provided by Cadillac's new steering and handling, and, of course, the car's impressive new stature and beauty. No wonder that wherever you find Cadillac chauffeurs—professional or amateur—you find a solid body of praise for the world's most highly regarded luxury car. Drive it soon. Discover why Cadillac makes friends so easily.

New elegance, new excellence, new excitement!

Cadillac  1966



What makes a shy girl get Intimate?

It's the fragrance that does all the flirting for her.
The uninhibited perfume that makes things happen. What kind of things?
That's her affair.

Created by Revlon...Intimate Parfum, spray mist and bath accessories.
Intimate...cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances.





FIRST MINUTEMAN II firing from an underground silo at Vandenberg AFB was a complete success. Minuteman II's nose cone splashed on target, some 5,000 miles down the Western Test Range. U.S. Air Force's most advanced ICBM, Minuteman II has increased range, improved guidance, more flexible target-

ing and larger payload. Minuteman missiles can remain on alert in underground silos for long periods with minimum maintenance. As Minuteman weapon system integrator, Boeing continues its responsibilities for assembly, installation, test, launch control and ground support equipment for new Minuteman II.

Capability has many faces at Boeing



LUNAR HOT SPOTS. Boeing scientists, using data they gathered during moon scans, are developing thermal map showing temperature peaks and plateaus of moon surface, as one of many aids in selecting best moon landing spot.

SBT. Model of Boeing supersonic jet, which could cross the U.S. coast to coast in two hours. Boeing's variable-sweep wing design provides ideal shape for fast cruise and slow landings.



SIMULATOR in new Boeing Space Center uses earth and moon globes with TV and computer systems to simulate space flight. Pilots "fly" space missions, orbital re-entry and controlled landings on earth and moon. The Space Center is most advanced in private industry.

BOEING

Space Technology • Missiles • Military Aircraft Systems • 707, 720, 727, 737 Jetliners • Systems Management • Helicopters • Marine Vehicles • Gas Turbine Engines • Also, Boeing Scientific Research Laboratories

Revolutionary weapon ...1966 model

These are revolutionary times in the factories and mills of America.

This latest Industrial Revolution is a quiet one. One that is boosting the output of machinery and equipment. Its loudest sounds are the whisper-soft *whrup-whrup-whrup* as computer tapes and punch cards feed information and instructions to modern machines.

Tape-controlled machinery and equipment and computer-directed production lines are sharpening America's competitive edge over foreign products. The ability of modern N/C (numerical control) machines to perform a monotonous operation perfectly over and over again is translated into better product uniformity and standards of quality. The end result is greater value, lower cost, and longer life in products we all buy and use.

Republic Steel plays a dual role in helping to make these high-speed, high-precision machines possible. First, by working with machinery and equipment manufacturers in developing and supplying the wide range of steels needed in manufacturing the machines themselves. Then in supplying steels of excellent and uniform quality which the machines work into finished products.

All to help keep your standard of living the highest in the world. Republic Steel Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.

You Can Take the Pulse of Progress at
REPUBLIC STEEL



This STEELMARK of the American Steel Industry on a product assures you it is made of modern, versatile, economical Steel. Look for it on the products you buy; put it on the products you sell.



1879 Four-Dollar Gold Piece
struck by the U. S. Mint but not approved for issue. From the
National Bank of Detroit Money Museum.



There's money in the Midwest
that no one ever spent.



There's money in the Midwest
that businesses haven't begun to spend.

It's at the National Bank of Detroit.
Which is your good fortune. For you'd be
hard pressed to find another bank the
country over with our combination of men
and money. And they're both readily avail-
able no matter where you're located.



Our men are resourceful. Our re-
sources considerable. Over two billion
dollars in assets make the National Bank
of Detroit one of the largest, most sub-
stantial banks in America. Let us put
these resources to work for you.

NATIONAL BANK OF DETROIT

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Resources: In excess of \$2,000,000,000 - Capital Paid and Reserves: In excess of \$200,000,000

They don't send you out of town to fail

But success doesn't come easy.

Ask our friends on the right. They'll tell you this: when you're out of town you have to sell, make decisions, solve problems.

To do this you have to keep your mind on your job. Not on ours.

So we make sure you get a frisky, flawless Chevrolet or other fine car that you never have to think about. You should be distracted by profound considerations of gas tanks, empty or full—wipers, working or wacky? Ridiculous!

Busy, successful men are sent out of town to—succeed. That's why we try to make every Hertz office a way station of success.

Your success.



Russ Jacobsen—London Fog



Jim Roth—Woolco Stores



Bill Heubach—Union Bag-Camp Paper

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat

(ISN'T THAT WHERE YOU BELONG?)



TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 8

DANNY THOMAS SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.)* In what can only be described as a burlesque of burlesque, Shirley Jones sings *Powder My Back*. Lucille Ball recaptures the role of Tondelyle in *White Cargo*. Jerry Lewis satirizes the "Leg of Nations," and so on.

Thursday, December 9

A CHARLIE BROWN CHRISTMAS (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Happiness is the *Peanuts* strip, animated.

Friday, December 10

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Thrush orders a bunch of Thrushlet juvenile delinquents to murder Mr. Waverly.

Saturday, December 11

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The National "100" Dirt Track Automobile Championships at Sacramento and the National Invitational Pocket Billiards Classic at Las Vegas.

NBC SPORTS IN ACTION (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). The National Parachuting Championships at Orange, Mass.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9:11-10 p.m.). *Bella Are Ringing*. M-G-M's 1960 attempt to recapture the Broadway hit. They missed, but Jule Styne's score is still fine and Judy Holliday is her marvelously memorable self.

Sunday, December 12

DIRECTIONS '66 (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). The history of the worker-priest movement in France.

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). nationwide; WNBC-TV in New York, 3:30-4:30 p.m.). Burr Tiltstrom and his Kuklipolitans host Gian Carlo Menotti's Christmas opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11:30 p.m.). Hollywood's version of *The Story of Ruth* (which varies a bit from the King James Version) is not bad by Bible-film standards. Peggy Wood guest whither, and Elana Eden goes with her.

Tuesday, December 14

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Leonard Bernstein conducts a musical illustration of his discussion of "The Sound of an Orchestra."

THEATER

On Broadway

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU has been restored to Broadway with loving care and craft by the gifted APA repertory company. The comic zaniness of the Sycamore family is a delight, and an unforeseen bonus is the tender re-creation of the '30s as a golden age of moneyless innocence.

MARCEL MARCEAU is a stylish musician of motion, an exciting architect of space, an eloquent poet of silence. He is the pantomimic accountant of the laughably saddening costs of being human, with the knowledge that no matter how funny the pratfall, the heart is where the hurt is.

* All times E.S.T.

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN is an eye-pleasing spectacle, although it fails to provide dramatic stimulation. Christopher Plummer gives theatrical dimension to Conquistador Pizarro, who cannot achieve peace of mind though he conquers the Inca emperor and gains his gold.

GENERATION. Old Trooper Henry Fonda finds himself bucking the winds of youth and anticonformity when he visits his newly wed daughter and son-in-law. Their Greenwich Village loft is already a fortress of individualism and, if they get their way, will soon be a delivery room for their at-any-moment baby. They get their way. The audience gets the laughs.

HALF A SIXPENCE, a freshly minted musical, is Performer Tommy Steele's contribution to the British balance of payments and the Broadway entertainment quotient.

THE ODD COUPLE. Scarred on the battlefield of marriage, two husbands try to find peace and comfort in an all-male stronghold. After some sidesplitting domestic misadventures, they decide to go back into the marital fray.

LUV. Suburban Sartre and soap-opera sensibilities are the springs from which three moderns drink in Murray Schisgal's hilarious satire on the chatter of Freudian analysis and the jargon of the theater of the absurd.

Off Broadway

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE looks into the home and mind of a Brooklyn longshoreman who destroys self and family rather than lose a beloved niece to another man.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED. The witty and urbane analysis of the tunesmaster is shown to full advantage in this sprightly revue of his lesser-known songs.

RECORDS

Orchestral

LEONARD BERNSTEIN CONDUCTS MUSIC OF OUR TIME (Columbia). Hungarian-born György Ligeti has passed beyond serial music to a new textural approach—music so dense that the individual voices are absorbed into the whole. His *Atmospheres*, written on 87 staves, almost physically suggests a lowering sky full of shifting clouds. Bernstein's other choices lean heavily toward "aleatory," or chance, music, largely composed on the spot by the New York Philharmonic. For his *Out of "Last Pieces"*, for example, Aleatory Composer Morton Feldman provides graph paper that indicates how often each musician should play, but not at what pitch or rhythm. Cats and other sensitive but untrained listeners should leave the room before this recording is played.

SCHUBERT: THE SYMPHONIES AND THE ITALIAN OVERTURES (5 LPs: RCA Victor). A protégé of the late Sir Thomas Beecham, Australian-born Denis Vaughan has been conducting for only eleven years but has nevertheless produced lyrical and lulling performances of the eight symphonies (with the Orchestra of Naples). He has also boldly finished the "Unfinished," providing the orchestration for the missing third movement based on a piano sketch for it by Schubert. Vaughan's *Scherzo* is vigorous and exciting, but rings too few changes on its bold, bright main theme and

ends rather abruptly, without achieving the glory promised at the beginning.

MOZART: COMPLETE DANCES AND MARCHES: VOL. 2 (London). Mozart loved to dance and wrote many of the hit tunes for the Viennese balls of the 1780s: German dances that were forerunners of the waltz; *contredanses*, which were patterned affairs for the whole company; and courtly minuets *a deux*, doomed to disappear with the French Revolution. Willi Boskovsky and the sprightly Vienna Mozart Ensemble, members of the Vienna Philharmonic, will eventually record all the dances and marches. The second in the series is a good sampler.

STRAVINSKY: ORPHEUS AND APOLLO (Columbia). The flashy colors of *Fire Bird*, *Petrouchka* and *Le Sacre du Printemps* have been dazzlingly displayed over and over during what Stravinsky calls "a half-century of destructive popularity." Seldom heard are these, later, paler ballets, both successfully choreographed by George Balanchine. The composer conducts glistering, transparent performances of *Orpheus* with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and of *Apollo*, written for strings alone, with the Columbia Symphony.

CINEMA

SANDS OF THE KALAHARI. The makers of *Zulu* find lively if conventional excitement in the plight of five marooned men, led by Stuart Whitman, and one venturesome woman (Susanah York) who endure heat, hunger and sexual desire after a plane crash in the African desert.

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS. A betrayed wife (Giulietta Masina) lets her mind wander off to a far-out Freudian three-ring conjured up by Italy's Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita*, 8½), whose effects are breathtaking to behold.

THE LEATHER BOYS. Director Sidney J. Furie (*The Tapes*) revs up Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell and Dudley Sutton for this exuberant British drama about a teen-age harridan whose husband prefers his homosexual motorcycle mate to home and hearth.

NEVER TOO LATE. Unplanned parenthood creates problems for Maureen O'Sullivan and Paul Ford, who repeat their Broadway roles as if the jokes about middle-aged love in bloom were new.

KING RAT. The struggle for survival in a Japanese prison camp spells prosperity for an unscrupulous G.I. con man (George Segal) in Writer-Director Bryan Forbes's brutal, brilliant drama, based on the novel by James Clavell.

REPULSION. In London, gentlemen callers seldom survive their yen for a deadly blonde psychopath (Catherine Deneuve) whose inch-by-inch descent into madness is unceasing with monstrous art by Director Roman Polanski (*Knife in the Water*).

THE HILL. A sandy pyramid separates the men from the boys at a British army stockade in North Africa where Sean Connery, as a bedeviled prisoner, proves his mettle without benefit of Bond.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A THOUSAND DAYS: JOHN F. KENNEDY IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Some of Kennedy's advisers stood nearer the President, but none was better equipped than this Harvard Historian Schlesinger to pay public respect to his memory. Perceptive as history and vivid



From the Golden Age of Great Adventure comes the inspiration for the holiday splendour of Gold Label cigars

William the Conqueror... Richard Coeur de Lion... Louis IX of France... Lorenzo Medici... Philip II of Spain... Barbarossa. A pageant of bold and adventurous rulers, portrayed in an elegant series of Gold Label holiday gift presentations that recapture all the majesty and glory of five centuries of European history. Each *tableau* is a work of art, reflecting the superb craftsmanship, quality and good taste of Gold Label cigars. In 6 classic Gold Label shapes, from \$4 to \$13. GRADIAZ • ANNIS FACTORY NO. 1 TAMPA.

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THE GROWNUPS' HOUR:

The Gift of Excellence



THE STORY of excellence in gin is the kind of story that might well be told at the *grownups'* hour—that pause in the rush of the day that is set aside for rational discourse on adult topics, over an excellent martini.

Gin was born in the 17th century, when a Dr. Sylvius (Franciscus de la Boe), a professor of medicine at the University of Leyden, invented a drink based on the juniper berry. His purpose was to make a medicine for the fever that attacked Dutch seamen.

The English, whose soldiers fought in the Low Countries, picked up the drink. By the time of the Restoration, in 1660, England was distilling her own gin in large quantities. This lighter, clearer drink relied not on the juniper alone, but also on other herbs and barks and roots and fruit rinds.

But, in those early days, gin remained a seaman's and soldier's drink, sold by the glass in the gin shops that abounded in 17th and 18th century England.

In 1820 a small distillery was opened in Lambeth,



within long bowshot of the Tower of London. Here James Burrough devoted himself to distilling something better in gin. His purpose was to make a gin fit to rank with the noble whiskies, the aged brandies and the great wines that graced the Georgian gentleman's sideboard.

One of the requirements of a great gin is to start with an utterly clean spirit. The slightest trace of alien flavor can throw off the delicate balance of the final flavor the distiller seeks.

In ordinary gins, such minor blemishes may be masked. In a great gin, they cannot.

The clean spirit

The invention of the column still by Aeneas Coffey in 1830 made it possible for the Burroughs to distill the doubly cleansed spirit needed for their gin in larger quantities. And from this time forward, a superlatively dry, soft-finished gin became more widely available.

NOTE: Beefeater gin, the Burrough family gin, got its name from the Royal Yeomen who stand guard over the crown jewels at the Tower of London. The Beefeaters were formed as a corps by Henry Tudor, grandfather of Elizabeth I, in 1485. Termed "bulletier" from one of his duties, that of supervising the buffet at royal banquets, the royal guard came to be known as a "Beefeater."

There is only one Beefeater gin and its quality today continues to be doubly safeguarded by family care.

"We use our original stills today," reports Eric Burrough, "and when, as is obvious, we have to add a new one, it is made to the exact old pattern."

A member of the Burrough family personally attends the measuring of ingredients. A member of the family approves each finished batch of Beefeater gin before it is allowed to leave the famous Lambeth distillery.

This care is well rewarded as the Beefeater tradition continues to grow. Beefeater gin today is the leading premium gin, not only in England, but wherever English is spoken. The real reward can be yours, and perhaps your friends', in the coming holiday season.

BEEFEATER BEEFEATER.

Excellence doubly safeguarded



The Super Skymaster: New Cessna "Can Do" Twin



Exclusive in design, advanced in performance, total in enjoyment!

From the nose of its spacious cabin to its distinctive twin tails, the Super Skymaster represents engineering at its creative best. This airplane is "exclusive" in design for good reason: its advanced performance characteristics would be impossible to achieve with conventional wing-mounted power. Because the Super Skymaster does have unusual "Can Do" capability, it delivers a new kind of flying pleasure for both pilot and passengers.

Center-Line Thrust Advantages—by mounting engines in tandem, propulsion force is delivered around the center line of the airplane. This is "Center-Line Thrust" and it means superb handling ease, short-field agility, and unruffled performance on one engine.

The Super Skymaster flies with ease and responsiveness—it's a full-size, full-power twin. Power is simple to manage; asymmetrical thrust can never be a problem. Single-engine performance is amazing. Single-engine ceiling 10,200 feet; single-engine rate of climb 450 fpm with just rear engine!

Shorter takeoffs and landings are possible with the Super Skymaster. With takeoff in just over 800 feet and a landing roll of 575 feet, it gets in and out of places inaccessible to many other twins.

A spacious cabin cradled under the center of lift gives an uncommonly smooth ride. The handsomely decorated cabin has a "yard-wide" door, flat floor, wide aisle, exceptional head

and leg room, and it is comfortable for four to six adults. Exclusive features such as Para-Lift flaps and Land-O-Matic landing gear and optional Cessna-Crafted electronics systems give added confidence and enjoyment.

Take the controls of the exceptionally priced* Super Skymaster and discover a more delightful way to fly. Your Cessna dealer can arrange a revealing "Can Do" demonstration whenever you say.

Write for Super Skymaster brochure: Cessna Aircraft Company, Dept. SSM-T6, Wichita, Kansas, U.S.A.
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CESSNA

More people buy Cessna airplanes
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Cessna Executive Skyknight:
Ultra-performance; powered by
the exclusive Turbo-System.



Cessna 310: World's standard
for six-place "fly anywhere"
business twins.



Cessna 411: Largest and finest
in the line; carries up to eight
in luxury.



Cessna T-37 Jet Trainer: More
than 800 now in service in U.S.
and overseas.





Bell System teamwork gets service back fast after Hurricane Betsy—most expensive disaster in our history

In 48 hours of wind-lashed violence, Hurricane Betsy caused untold human suffering and property damage across Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana.

The toll included millions of dollars of destruction to telephone service. More than 528,000 phones were cut off. It was the most expensive natural disaster in telephone history.

The Bell System response was immediate. Supplies and equipment from Western Electric, stockpiled locally in advance of the hurricane season, were broken out for instant use.

Before the storm hit New Orleans, a man was assigned full-time to the Civil Defense Center to help keep its vital communica-

tions working. Other Bell System men worked to insure telephone service for the city and the press.

In neighboring Bell Telephone companies, men and trucks were mobilized for emergency duty. Convoys sped south. An airlift was improvised to bring men and material from six states.

Because they were working with familiar, standardized equipment, the out-of-state telephone men were able to go to work as soon as they reached the disaster area.

Within two weeks nearly all the damage from Hurricane Betsy was repaired—poles and cables restored, phones back in service.

And the benefits of a nationwide telephone system with standardized manufacture and operations were proved once again.



C-124 cargo planes of the U.S.A.F. Reserve airlifted men and trucks at Bell System expense to the New Orleans disaster area.



Bell System

American Telephone and Telegraph
and Associated Companies

as memoir, this—despite its touches of partisanship—is the most balanced assessment of the Kennedy years yet.

THE LOCKWOOD CONCERN, by John O'Hara. Another report from the O'Hara country of eastern Pennsylvania, this one the story of George Lockwood, whose "concern" is to become a gentleman—a concern which has turned into an O'Hara obsession and, consequently, is a bit boring.

THE PEACEMAKERS, by Richard B. Morris. Historians have traditionally assumed that France was the loyal friend of American independence. Not so, says Historian Morris in this exhaustive study of the political maneuvers that led up to the Peace of Paris (1783). The Bourbon monarchy tried to scuttle the upstart republic, but the attempt was averted at the peace table by three shrewd Yankee leaders (Jay, Franklin and Adams) who played a bad hand so skillfully that they won the better part of the pot.

THE MAIAS, by Ega de Queiroz. The greatness of Ega de Queiroz (1845-1900) has been almost completely concealed from the English-reading world by the mere fact that he wrote in Portuguese. Happily, his stature is at last glimpsed in this handsome translation of a massive satire that anatomized Portugal's pathetic aristocracy and stands today, against any standards, as a major 19th century novel.

THE SEA YEARS, by Jerry Allen. Everybody knows that Joseph Conrad spent his youth before the mast and his middle years composing some of the finest sea stories in the language. What nobody knew, until Author Allen documented it in this sober but fascinating monograph, is that Conrad's stories in many instances are fact-for-fact, act-for-act transcriptions of the hairy adventures of his youth.

THE MAN WHO ROBBED THE ROBBER BARONS, by Andy Logan. The shoddy story of Colonel William d'Alton Mann, a courtly Manhattan publisher who looked like Santa Claus but carried a sackful of hush money, is told with skill and glee.

AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD, by Peter Matthiessen. In this violent, chaotic and sometimes profoundly beautiful story of an Amazonian adventure, a soldier of misfortune returns to the womb of nature and there, in anguish and ecstasy, achieves a religious rebirth.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Source, Michener (1 last week)
2. Those Who Love, Stone (3)
3. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (4)
4. Airs Above the Ground, Stewart (2)
5. Hotel, Hailey (5)
6. The Honey Badger, Ruark (6)
7. The Rabbi, Gordon (8)
8. The Man with the Golden Gun, Fleming (7)
9. The Green Berets, Moore
10. Thomas, Mydans (9)

NONFICTION

1. Kennedy, Sorensen (1)
2. A Gift of Prophecy, Montgomery (4)
3. Yes I Can, Davis and Boyar (2)
4. Games People Play, Berne (5)
5. A Gift of Joy, Hayes (6)
6. Intern, Doctor X (3)
7. The Making of the President, 1964, White (7)
8. The Penkovskiy Papers, Penkovskiy
9. A Thousand Days, Schlesinger (10)
10. Is Paris Burning? Collins and Lapierre (9)



Taylor—the American vermouths for American tastes

What's more American than a Martini? Or a Manhattan? In fact, the cocktail—tantalizingly dry and icy as a glacier—is an American idea. And to suit American tastes it needs a well-behaved American vermouth. Like Taylor. Try it. The difference is delightful. Serve it on the rocks too. Um-m-m. Now that's really an American idea.

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A structural laminate, MET-L-WOOD consists of a core of plywood or other lightweight material structurally bonded on both surfaces with metal or other high strength facing material. The result... a functional sandwich panel with high rigidity, strength, durability, and lightweight! For example, the stiffness of a 3/4" steel faced MET-L-WOOD panel is more than three times greater than that of a 3/4" steel plate that weighs more than twice as much.

MET-L-WOOD panels offer limitless applications. Learn how MET-L-WOOD can help you to build stronger, lighter and to last. Write today on your company letterhead for new brochure.



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LETTERS

Appraising the President

Sir: The difference between Kennedy and Johnson [Nov. 26] is the difference between a call for sacrifice and a quest for shallow consensus, between hope and concern for the future of mankind and a total preoccupation with the next piece of domestic legislation, between a man and a politician. Kennedy reflects the majesty that was Rome and the intellect that was Greece. Johnson reflects the paternalism and arrogance that is Texas.

CHECK COULTER

Iowa City, Iowa

Sir: In the books about Kennedy, I doubt if anyone has expressed a nation's feelings as well as Euripides in *Hippolytus*. "On all our citizens hath come this universal sorrow, unforeseen. Now shall the copious tear gush forth, for sad news about great men takes more than usual hold upon the heart."

WINFRED M. BROWN

Irving, Texas

Sir: Your Essay put into words what many have felt since Nov. 22, 1963. Our nation is in capable hands, but the magic is gone. While Johnson's legislative performance forces us to admire him, the Kennedy legend cannot die.

BETTINA K. FREDRICK

Arlington, Mass.

Sir: The Kennedy you describe is the Kennedy created by the Kennedy family publicity agency. As far as I am concerned, there never was such a person.

E. R. KRAIZ

Albuquerque, N.M.

Sir: The Kennedy legend is a farce foisted off on people by tasteless mass communication media.

(MRS.) LOIS S. APPEL

Romeo, Mich.

Sir: Your Essay was the most dastardly defamation of a great, sincere and brilliant American President I have ever read. The masses of his countrymen understand Johnson and love him deeply. I prophesy that he and his Great Society will go down in history with awe and reverence.

MARTIN E. NACHSIN

Endicott, N.Y.

American Dream

Sir: Congratulations to the millionaires under 40 [Dec. 3]. I thought Uncle Sam and his tax structure had long since closed

the door to the accumulation of new fortunes. I am delighted to learn that one of our principal American dreams can still come true.

RICHARD E. PEARSON

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Arthur Carlsberg, you report, is a millionaire. He is so busy he rarely sees his three sons—takes off one week a year to spend with them, and leaves his office to be with them on their birthdays. Big deal. Arthur Carlsberg is no millionaire—he is a pauper.

GEORGE O. HACKETT

Dearborn, Mich.

Sir: You mention one of our members, Jerry Wolman, and you say that "few millionaires have time for religion." Jerry Wolman is a tower of strength in our community. He gives of his resources, of his name and prestige to many worthwhile spiritual efforts, and he is a modest young man with deep convictions.

(RABBI) TZVI H. PORATH

Montgomery County Jewish

Community, Inc.

Chevy Chase, Md.

What Makes Jimmy Run

Sir: Your cover story on Jimmy Brown [Nov. 26] is enlightening, incisive, colorful and above all, fair. As painful as it may be for Brown worshipers to admit, Superman is not too super as a person. But this of course does not detract from his athletic greatness. Your writer has come closest yet to putting the finger on what makes Jimmy run.

THOMAS F. BLACK

Atlanta

Sir: Putting Jimmy Brown on your cover and building him up to hero proportions are in poor taste. Sure, he is a terrific football player, but as a man he is a disgrace. As a public figure and a sports celebrity, he bears certain responsibilities to the public, which he ignores. His arrogant, recently rich attitude is revolting, and his conduct makes me sick. Brown is no hero; he is a bum!

JACK MACLEOD

Detroit

Viet Nam

Sir: It is inappropriate to view the burning of Norman Morrison and the immolation of Roger LaPorte [Nov. 19] fundamentally as suicides. These men sought to convince us of their sincere rejection of

it works



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militarism and violence in Viet Nam. How else could they penetrate the cultural screen of advertising, propaganda, image making, and superficial public-opinion polling that separates us from 20th century human realities? The courageous self-sacrifice of these two men deserves the utmost public respect.

DAVID S. TILLSON

Professor of Anthropology

State University College
Brookport, N.Y.

Sir: The taking of one's own life—does not make a person a martyr, nor does it make him human. Such a person is de-moted. A rational being would devote his life to trying to correct a wrong. By destroying his life, he simply ends his argument.

LINDA SULLIVAN

Brooklyn

Sir: Your glorification of our fighting men in Viet Nam [Nov. 26] conjured up in my mind a picture of a sneering e.e. cummings. You fit this gem just wonderfully well:

'next to of course god america i
love you land of the pilgrims' and so
forth . . .
thy sons acclaim your glorious name by
gorry
by jingo by gee by gosh by gum
why talk of beauty what could be more
beautiful than these heroic happy
dead
who rushed like lions to the roaring
slaughter
they did not stop to think they died
instead
then shall the voice of liberty be mute?

LESTER OSTROY

New York City

Sir: I will gladly send a check, payable to any gas station, to cover the cost of two gallons of gasoline and a card saying "Be my guest" to anyone desiring to immolate himself in front of the Pentagon or elsewhere. The faster the U.S. rids itself of these nuts, the better I'll feel when I return.

MICHAEL E. DUNN

Viet Nam

Varieties of Adventure

Sir: You imply that by flying my Cessna in bad weather, I take considerable risks [Nov. 19]. It has taken me 17 years to sell the sometimes conservative hierarchy of the Episcopal Church on my flying in my work as bishop of Alaska. I do not believe I take chances. After having flown 5,000 hours in Alaska and having become intimately familiar with the terrain on the ground and from the air, I can fly safely in tough conditions. Please take me off the hook; otherwise I'll be deluged with protests from the relatives of all my passengers, and I might even find myself back behind a dog sled at five miles an hour!

(THE RT. REV.) WILLIAM J. GORDON JR.
Fairbanks, Alaska

Murder in Tucson

Sir: It is a sorry commonplace that today's adolescents are tomorrow's adult citizens. But the appalling silence of at least 30 Tucson teen-agers who heard a murderer brag of his crimes [Nov. 26] shows again, with brutal clarity, that atrocities comparable to the Nazis' worst are a danger coeval with society. We tend to forget the immediately possible circumstances in which most men easily rationalize, and



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hence passively accept, a situation not directly affecting them.

BRIAN A. KENNEDY

Oxford, England

Sir: To the few Tucson teen-agers who hang out at the drive-ins on East Speedway, Charles Howard Schmid Jr. was known as a swinger, but to the other 99% of us he was known as a "weirdo," a real queer. There are no more "bored, vacant-eyed" teen-agers here in Tucson than in any other American city of its size. It is indeed a terrible thing that at least 30 teen-agers who knew about the crimes did not tell the police, but is this any worse than the 30 or more New Yorkers who watched a girl being stabbed to death, yet did nothing? This apathy seems to be a national sickness that occurs not only among teen-agers but among adults too.

MIKE PAULSON

Tucson, Ariz.

Douglas Salutes Schaefer

Sir: An apology and a salute—to George Schaefer, director of the *Hallmark Hall of Fame*. TIM [Nov. 26] correctly quotes me as finding fault with Schaefer because he did not fight for a scene in *Inherit the Wind* with some mild profanity in it that the agency wanted to cut. I spoke after I had viewed the first studio screening of the tape, from which the scene had been cut. It was indignant. It was a good scene—an important one. Cutting it was one more example of the puerility that dominates and emasculates too much of our television fare. But I had underestimated George Schaefer's integrity and stamina. In the final version, the scene was restored. So—three unreserved cheers for George. He is, as your article states, an oasis in the desert.

MELVYN DOUGLAS

New York City

Daring Batman

Sir: Your story "The Return of Batman" [Nov. 26] omitted the primary reason for the new-found success of the serial. Audiences today find double-entendre in almost every sentence of dialogue and in every action—which makes for a more daring show than any produced recently. Also, today they laugh at what once was taken seriously, and this is a fantastic ego-building mechanism (same reason for the success of the "007" movies). It's no wonder we are rescheduling *Batman* to turnaway crowds.

LES NATALI

Manager

Previdio Theatre
San Francisco

Pop Prayer

Sir: About "Pop Prayer" [Nov. 26]: As an Episcopalian, I resent the intrusion of these vulgarities on the beautiful *Book of Common Prayer*. As a Christian, I resent the author, who strips prayer of any dignity that we might strive to achieve in communion with our Lord. As a creature of God, I resent these alleged prayers as an insult to the intelligence with which He endowed me.

C. D. FRANCIS III

Philadelphia

Sir: As a young Episcopalian, I appreciate the Rev. Malcolm Boyd's attempt to break away from the "hath wrought," "thou," and "saveth" of our prayer-book practice of faith. I have my own favor-

ite modernized grace: "Rub-a-dub-dub./ Thanks for the grub. Go, God, go! Amen."

WILLIAM F. WILLNER

Lincoln, Neb.

Personal-Injury Litigation

Sir: Isn't it a pity that personal-injury litigation has deteriorated to the point where you found it advisable to print that satirical article, "Nothing Beats Money" [Nov. 19]? There isn't any question in the public's mind that lawyers are plugging injury claims for all they can get, and your article adds flame to their fire. May God take pity on that poor man who can never again support himself or his family because he has been crippled or blinded by a well-insured drunk; and may God have mercy on the prejudiced jury who cheats him out of just compensation because of its own selfishness. Money is a primitive way to compensate a person for his suffering. When a better system is devised, I shall wholeheartedly support it.

DAVID P. CONNOR
Attorney at Law

Springfield, Mass.

Man of the Year

Sir: As the number of G.I.s killed in Viet Nam increases, there can be no doubt that the most meaningful tribute that can be paid these men is to make the American G.I. TIM's Man of the Year.

GARY W. NISLEY

Levittown, Pa.

Sir: Ian Smith, for daring to believe what he believes and no bones about it, for being proud of the color of his skin in a world where it has become shameful to be white, for tying a knot in the British tabby's tail.

TOM EGERTON

Durban, South Africa

Sir: G. Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange, because he is a refreshing symbol of integrity and fair dealing.

RALPH W. WELSH

Philadelphia

Sir: Dr. Martin Luther King.

HERMAN FRIESEL

Philadelphia

Sir: Charles de Gaulle.

ROY D. MCBAIN

Chicago

Sir: Eric (Games People Play) Berne.
SPEYDRE LUBINSKI

Roxbury, Mass.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

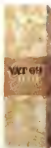
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TIME DECEMBER 10 1965

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 10, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 24

THE NATION

THE SOUTH

Turn in a Dark Road

It had become axiomatic that Southern white men do not convict other Southern white men for racist murders. To fanatic white supremacists, the growing list of acquittals and mistrials signaled open season; they went on the hunt with bullets and dynamite. In at least 34 killings since 1960, only one such murderer was punished. Last week in Alabama, all-white juries convicted four white defendants in two notorious cases in which a stranger in a car had been killed on a dark, lonely road.

The more surprising of the verdicts—and the more hopeful for the survival of the local jury system—came in Anniston. After nine hours of deliberation, the jurors found Hubert Damon Strange, 23, guilty of second-degree murder and gave him a ten-year prison sentence. Two alleged accomplices, Johnny Ira DeFries, 25, and Lewis Blevins, 26, are still to be tried. The case was prosecuted by local authorities, with some help from the FBI.

One Mistake. Strange, a gas-station attendant with an arrest record for assault and weapons offenses, was accused of being the trigger man in the July 15 murder of Willie Brewster, 38, a Negro. Brewster belonged to no civil rights organizations, walked no picket

lines, enjoyed a reputation as a hard-working family man who wasn't even "uppity." His mistake was to be caught driving home from work with three friends an hour after the Anniston courthouse had been the scene of a hate rally by the National States Rights Party. Party leaders had openly preached violence "to get the nigger out of the white man's streets." The shotgun blast that killed Brewster came, of course, from behind.

Nonetheless, Calhoun County Solicitor Clarence Williams had no open-and-shut case for the prosecution. He had no eyewitness. He had no murder weapon in court. His case rested primarily on the testimony of Jimmie Glenn Knight, 28, a small-time hoodlum who by his own admission had turned in his buddies to collect a reward of \$20,000 raised by Calhoun County citizens and \$1,000 contributed by Governor George Wallace. A month had passed before Knight, in jail on burglary and grand larceny charges, decided to testify for the prosecution.

"Got Us a Nigger." Knight swore in court that Strange, DeFries and Blevins drove from the shooting to the home of Strange's brother-in-law, William Rozier. "They said, 'We got us a nigger,'" Then, said Knight, he drove Blevins and Strange back to the spot on Route 202 where Willie Brewster still lay. "Blevins said, 'Damon put a punkin ball [a large deer shot] into

them niggers,' I said, 'How many did he get?' Damon Strange said, 'I got at least one, I'm pretty sure, because the car was swerving off the road.'"

Defense Attorney J. B. Stoner, a longtime vendor of racial and religious hate who had been a leading tub-thumper in the July 15 rally, produced witnesses who called Knight a liar and swore that Strange had spent a peaceful evening drinking beer at the Rozier house. Prosecutor Williams was quietly eloquent in his summation, "We need men," he told the jury, "who are not afraid to stand up and say, based on the testimony, we believe this man is guilty and are not afraid to say so." The jurors started off eight-to-four for acquittal on a first-degree murder charge, but after seven hours reported that they were deadlocked. Judge Robert M. Parker, 35, trying his first murder case, sent them back. Said he: "Twelve men have got to decide this case some time." Two hours later, they brought in their second-degree verdict.

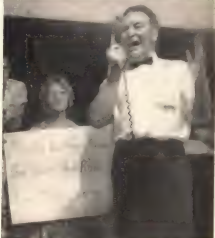
Klansmen's Case. Next morning in Montgomery, Federal District Judge Frank M. Johnson Jr. had virtually the same words for another deadlocked jury. "Some time this case must be decided," he said. "Another jury would be chosen in the same manner and from the same type of people as you twelve men. There is no reason to assume that



FEDERAL JUDGE JOHNSON



VIOLA LIUZZO



DEFENSE ATTORNEY STONER

There comes a time for justice and for those who believe in it.

another twelve men would be more competent to decide than you are."

Whereupon the jury, which had already pondered the case for 24 hours, retired for three more hours and found three white Alabama Klansmen guilty of federal conspiracy charges in the death of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, the white mother of five from Detroit, who was shot to death after the Selma-Montgomery civil rights march last spring.

Significant Difference. The prosecution's case was much stronger than in the Anniston trial. It was the already-familiar story told in damning detail by Gary Thomas Rowe, an FBI informant planted in the Ku Klux Klan, who testified that he rode with the killers when they gunned down Mrs. Liuzzo. Despite his first-hand testimony, juries in two state trials had failed to convict Collie LeRoy Wilkins, 22, on murder charges. The significant difference in federal court last week was that Wilkins and two fellow Klansmen, Eugene Thomas, 42, and William Orville Eaton, 41, were prosecuted under an 1870 federal statute that makes it a crime to conspire to deprive a citizen of his constitutional rights. Judge Johnson gave the trio the maximum sentence of ten years.

Federal judges in Georgia and Mississippi had refused to allow conspiracy prosecutions to go forward in murder cases unresolved by local authorities. Thus, if Johnson's reasoning in allowing the Justice Department to prosecute is upheld—the Supreme Court is still considering the general principle—it will mean great strides ahead for Southern justice.

Wisdom on Bogalusa

Another stinging setback for the Grand Knights came from the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans, which severely enjoined Klan members from interfering with the civil rights of Negroes in Louisiana's Washington Parish, whose biggest town is strife-torn Bogalusa (pop. 23,000). In a decision that may deter Klan mischief more effectively than any number of congressional investigations, Judge John Minor Wisdom warned Klan toughs all over the South that they face effective federal intervention at the smallest interference with Negroes' rights, can no longer use economic coercion and threats of violence to keep Negroes from voting.

Klan intimidation earlier this year forced cancellation of a speech on racial peace by former Little Rock Congressman Brooks Hays and subsequently prevented Negroes from holding civil rights demonstrations. Judge Wisdom left no doubt as to his own opinions of the Klan, branded defendant Klansmen as "ignorant bullies, callous of the harm they know they are doing and lacking in sufficient understanding to comprehend the chasm between their own twisted Konstitution and the noble charter of liberties under law that is the American Constitution."



LYNDON & LADY BIRD AT GRAHAM RALLY
The scar was doing nicely too.

THE PRESIDENCY

Health: "Normal Range"

Immediately after the conspiracy convictions in Alabama, Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach telephoned the news to Lyndon Johnson at his Texas ranch. The President had taken a special interest in the case and had even announced on television the trio's arrest the day after Mrs. Liuzzo died. He warned the Ku Klux Klan then that he would bring it to heel. After talking to Katzenbach, Johnson said: "The whole nation can take heart from the fact that there are those in the South who believe in justice in racial matters and are determined not to stand for acts of violence and terror."

There was more good news for Johnson. That scar, his doctor reported last week, is in "excellent condition." Vice Admiral George Burkley, the White House physician, added that in every other respect as well, Lyndon Johnson's recovery is in the "normal range." Last week was the sixth since Johnson left the hospital after his gall-bladder operation. It marked the end of the period mentioned by his doctors as the time it would take the President to resume full "physical activity."

The fact that he was still recuperating at his Texas ranch with no definite date for the return to Washington inevitably stirred speculation that Johnson was not recovering as rapidly as he should. Apprehension over his condition quickened after Lyndon flew to Houston to hear Old Friend Billy Graham preach at a mammoth revival meeting. Next day reporters learned that the President was tired and had some muscular pain in his right side.

Actually, doctors explained by way of quashing the rumors, the President was undergoing a normal convalescence. Many Americans—including Johnson—

expected that he would return sooner to his hyperactive ways. Yet most gall-bladder patients take about three months to regain their strength completely, as distinct from the ability to walk normally, climb stairs, and take routine exercise—all of which Johnson has been doing.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

No More Band-Aid

In place of the presidential bromides that traditionally accompany Administration foreign-aid bills, Lyndon Johnson last October hoisted a storm warning. From his sickbed in the Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Md., he said: "While our wealth is great, it is not unlimited. It must be used not merely to apply Band-Aids to superficial wounds but to remove the cause of deeper and more dangerous disorders. That is why I do not intend for American aid to become an international dole. Our assistance must and will go to those nations that will most use it. Action, not promises, will be the standard of our assistance."

The President's blunt message put the world on notice that after 20 years and \$115 billion worth of U.S. aid dispensed, Washington henceforth would evaluate assistance programs not in terms of nations' needs alone but in the light of their economic policies and political attitudes as well.

Starnest Test. There have already been encouraging results. When the U.S.-aid agreement with Egypt expired in June, the Johnson Administration pointedly let it lapse until such time as Cairo cleared up some "unresolved policy differences" between the two na-

* With Mrs. Roy Hofheinz (wearing glasses), wife of the president of the Houston Astros, and daughter.

tions. Within weeks, the U.A.R. agreed to a cease-fire in its nasty little war in Yemen, and to settle private U.S. claims against its government (including \$500,000 for a USIS library that was wrecked by a mob), and began a series of U.S.-suggested domestic economic programs. In response, President Johnson has authorized negotiations that will send some \$55 million in aid to Egypt next year.

Last week, as Washington prepared for U.S. visits from Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan (on Dec. 14) and India's Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri (in early 1966), the Administration was ready to put the tough new foreign-aid line to its sternest test yet.

Alone on the Ranch. Aid to both India and Pakistan was curtailed early in the autumn, during the conflict over Kashmir, in which each side violated its agreement with Washington not to use U.S. arms against the other. India and Pakistan have between them received some \$10 billion of U.S. aid in the past 14 years. Yet Pakistan has persisted in cozying up to Red China, all the while ostensibly remaining a partner with the U.S. in the anti-Communist SEATO alliance.

India, thanks to ever-growing torrents of surplus U.S. food, has been able to concentrate on a prestige-building industrial program instead of making a serious effort to expand agricultural production. Its population is growing far faster than its food supply; with this year's severe drought, India faces its most critical food shortage in two decades. Apart from its domestic problems, India in the past adopted a holier-than-thou attitude toward American efforts to thwart the Communists' grab for South Viet Nam, but clamored for U.S. military help to repel Red China's threat to its own territory.

The time has come, Lyndon Johnson believes, for practical, politician-to-politician talks with Ayub and Shastri.

To that end, the President hopes to hustle both men off to the isolated acres of the I.B.J. Ranch. There, without retinues of advisers, Johnson hopes to apply his inimitable techniques of suasion to extract from his visitors a reasonable *quid pro quo*.

SPACE

Far-Out Date

The majestic Titan II rocket lifted off precisely on schedule, hurling Gemini 7 toward a new chapter in space exploration. Five minutes after Lieut. Colonel Frank Borman and Commander James Lovell Jr. took off, a ground controller exclaimed: "You're right down the slot!" Command Pilot Borman radioed back: "That's the best thing I've heard."

Longest & Heaviest. As they set off for a planned 14-day, 206-orbit flight—longer by six days and 86 revolutions than any previous mission—they could expect better news yet. If all goes well, by the time Borman and Lovell splash down on Dec. 18, they will have been in the air for as long as the longest estimated Apollo mission to the moon will take. They will have flown the heaviest (more than four tons) Gemini capsule yet, and undergone the most extensive in-flight medical tests. (Borman had two spots shaved on his head and depilatory rubbed in to accommodate electroencephalograph sensors with which his brain waves were to be monitored.) The Gemini 7 crew will be the first to fly in their long underwear without benefit of space suits. A successful rendezvous to within inches of another Gemini craft 185 mi. from earth, the most spectacular phase of the mission, would be the biggest first of all.

Historic as it was, it was probably the least-watched lift-off yet. Millions of Americans were outdoors on a bright Saturday afternoon, driving in the country or Christmas shopping. Millions who stayed in were glued to football games on TV. They missed a fascinat-

ing launch. Rain threatened to scrub the mission until 3½ hours before blast-off. A minor pressure loss in a fuel cell soon after the capsule achieved orbit was quickly remedied by switching pressure from the breathing oxygen tank to the fuel-cell oxygen tank. And in the first minutes of Gemini 7's flight, Borman and Lovell, both 37 and both making their first space journeys, succeeded in a drill that had never worked before. Guided by their own vision, they maneuvered their capsule to fly in formation with the detached second phase of the booster.

Quick Change. That experience may seem tame compared with the planned rendezvous with Gemini 6, which had been scheduled to go up Oct. 25. Gemini 6, programmed to hook up with an unmanned vehicle, was scrubbed after the latter blew up. The cancellation allowed Gemini 7 to be moved up from its scheduled launch in late December, and gave National Aeronautics and Space Administration officials the opportunity to launch 6 and 7 nine days apart in an attempt to achieve the first meeting of manned craft in space. The challenge was to compress the normal launch preparation time so that Gemini 6 could go up while Gemini 7 was still in orbit.

The normal preparation cycle is 60 days. There was a chance to reduce this to nine days because Gemini 6 had been kept in a high state of readiness. One of the big questions was whether Launch Complex 19—the only pad at Cape Kennedy capable of handling the Gemini—would be so damaged by Gemini 7's blast-off that Gemini 6 could not be replaced soon enough. But damage to the launch site was "minimal." Crews began moving the Gemini 6 booster from its hangar to the launch pad 45 minutes after Gemini 7 lifted off. This week engineers will give Gemini 6 its final inspection and primping for the big date early next week.



COMMANDER LOVELL



GEMINI 7 ON PAD 19

Outer space in their underwear.



LIEUT. COL. BORMAN



RECRUITS & WELCOMING BAND AT FORT JACKSON
A solicitude for involuntary employees.

ARMED FORCES

Renaissance in the Ranks

[See Cover]

Since Lyndon Johnson's ringing declaration of July 28—"We will stand in Viet Nam"—the U.S. has mounted the biggest, swiftest, costliest military buildup in peacetime history. It has laid supply lines across 8,000 miles of ocean. And the nation has filled them in that time with as many tons of matériel as the U.S. could deliver for the first five months of its North African invasion in World War II. From humming State-side training camps, where 12,500 recruits a month are being taught to fight, to the beaches and jungles of South Viet Nam, where U.S. servicemen and civilians are rushing more than 40 key bases to completion, America's involvement in the war grows inexorably in potency and resolve.

It will keep on growing. At the time of the President's speech in July, American forces in Southeast Asia numbered 135,000; today they total nearly a quarter of a million. Returning last week from his seventh visit to Saigon since 1962, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara reported that while the U.S. has "stopped losing the war," it will be a long, arduous struggle. With him he brought the recommendations from field commanders that U.S. forces in South Viet Nam be increased to 480,000 by 1967. If Hanoi responds in kind, say U.S. military planners in Saigon, a commitment of 600,000 Americans may well be necessary in 1967.

Though Air Force and Navy planes pound the enemy daily, and the 40,000-man Marine Corps contingent has fought with distinction, the war in South Viet Nam is fundamentally a battle for terrain, a foot-slogging soldier's war. To replace and augment the men in combat, the draft call—most-

ly for the Army—has reached 40,200 a month,* twelve times the level of August 1964. To train the ever-swelling flood of recruits, the Army is expanding half a dozen U.S. bases. To supply its fighting men, the Pentagon has stepped up its shopping for almost every conceivable commodity from beans to bazookas, reopened defense plants that have lain idle for a decade, rushed in scarce equipment from units all over the world. With 45% of its strength deployed overseas,† the Army is prepared at the crack of a shot for another Dominican Republic, another Lebanon—even another Viet Nam.

"A State of Mind." The burden of running a global army rests on the cool, thoughtful officer who occupies Room 3-E-668 in the Pentagon, General Harold Keith Johnson, 53, the 24th U.S. Army Chief of Staff—and the youngest to be appointed since Douglas MacArthur—is a team man of austere, probing intelligence in the managerial mold of McNamara's Pentagon. "Like McNamara," says a Defense Department aide, "Johnson is a computer. But he is a friendly computer."

Yet the Army Chief of Staff also represents a breed that is now rare in the Pentagon—the battlefield hero. From infantry combat in the thick of two Asian wars, handsome "Johnny" Johnson came away with a dazzle of decorations and the single-minded conviction that the American soldier must be harder, wiler and brainier than ever before if he is to win the kind of war that the U.S. faces in Asia today. "Johnson's spirit of intellect and leadership,"

says the 1st Air Cavalry's Brigadier General Richard Knowles, "is felt by every private in Viet Nam."

As a 30-year-old lieutenant colonel, marching to prison camp with the beaten remnants of the U.S. Army on Bataan, Johnson swore that no troops he might ever command again would go into battle unprepared for the war they would have to fight. Again, in October 1950, moving among dazed, defeated soldiers in Korea, he vowed not to be bound by the "school solution." In the Pentagon, Johnson has labored devotedly to instill those lessons. Cigar-chomping Army Vice Chief of Staff "Abe" Abrams, an iron-nerved commander who led Patton's tanks to relieve the siege of Bastogne, calls him "the toughest man I have ever known." Moreover, General Johnson expects the other 1,016,920 soldiers in his Army to be equally tough. "What an individual can do depends on his state of mind," he says in a gravely Midwestern accent. "You can do whatever you will yourself to do."

Disciplined & Deadly. Under conditions as formidable as any he has ever faced, the U.S. fighting man in South Viet Nam has already proved in battle that he is a disciplined and deadly adversary. "These guys are better trained and better led than ever before," says Sergeant Grady Trainor, a World War II and Korean veteran with the 1st Air Cavalry Division. In part, as Johnson points out, the proficiency of today's G.I. is a product of higher educational levels: 75% of all enlisted men are high school graduates v. 48% in 1952; the same percentage of officers have college degrees. In part, also, the Army in 1965 was prepared for war, as it signally was not before World War II or Korea. Nonetheless, the most important element in his performance is undoubtedly the fact that today's soldier

* Half the Korean peak (80,000), one-tenth World War II's highest level.

† Other countries with major U.S. Army units: West Germany 225,000, South Korea 50,000, France 16,000, Dominican Republic 7,000, Italy 5,000, Japan 4,000.

undergoes the most intelligent, intensive preparation for battle in Army history.

By the end of 1966, the Army will have trained 235,000 new recruits—70% of the overall 340,000-man increase in the armed forces set in motion by the President in July. To handle them, General Johnson is opening five new training centers. Three new 7,500-man infantry brigades are being organized. At Fort Riley, Kans., the Army will activate the brand-new, 14,000-man 9th Infantry Division. More than 700 smaller units are taking shape. Twenty-nine additional Army helicopter companies are sprouting rotors. Last week the Pentagon announced plans for at least one more chopper-supported airborne division.

"Island Campaign." The buildup is qualitative as well as quantitative, and it is aimed at producing a renaissance in the ranks. The Army is turning out a new kind of soldier for a new kind of war, Johnson insists: "Every soldier has to be a follower. Every soldier has to be a leader. And this applies to the private. The ideal soldier must be an intelligent and courageous man." He adds quietly: "The battlefield is a very lonely place."

No desk commander, the Chief of Staff has made three trips to Viet Nam, plans to return there to share Christmas dinner with men of the 8th Cavalry Regiment, the outfit he commanded in Korea. "What we are doing there," he says, "is fighting an island campaign on a land mass." Last week Johnson boarded his JetStar for a one-day visit to the Army's biggest training center, Fort Jackson, in the piney uplands of South Carolina, where 19,655 men are being taught to fight.

Bustling from group to group, Johnson demonstrated his own favorite precept: "Put the personal into personnel." Noting a green inductee crawling awkwardly under a barbed-wire obstacle, Johnson cautioned: "You want to keep your tail down or you'll get shot—and that's embarrassing." To a feather-lunged instructor teaching an assault bayonet course, Johnson observed: "You can't just stand there and yell 'Hurry it up!' The American soldier has to be led, not pushed." Addressing a graduating class of recruits, Johnson said gently: "You are going to be a little scared the first time you get under fire. What you have to do is work at controlling your fear. Nothing makes you an experienced soldier faster than hearing that first one fired in anger."

Sounds of Battle. At Fort Jackson, where live bullets whistle above trainees in mock combat, it sounded like the real thing last week. Grunting recruits learning hand-to-hand combat were practicing kicking an imagined enemy in the groin. Under soothing pines, an instructor yelled: "The spirit of the hand-to-hand fighter is summed up in two words: To kill!" Before him, in an exercise aimed at encouraging them to compete with one another, 260 crew-cut rookies, paired off to simulate fight-

ing stances, roared out a bloodcurdling chorus of "Yah-h-h-h!"

A new Army method of bayonet practice is called "pugil," for its principal instrument, a padded club of about the same length and weight as an M-14 rifle with fixed bayonet. Wearing heavy gloves, football helmets with steel face masks, and Bakelite jockstraps, the trainees parried and thrust in training pits, then ran an obstacle course over which they had to knock down pugil-swinging attackers.

The bulldog-tempered topkick has been replaced by a new Army institution, the drill sergeant. The DS, a benign version of the Marines' famed drill instructor, is expected to be a blend of father-confessor and den mother to his men. Recognizable by their wide-brimmed, forest ranger-style hats, they are known as "Smoky Bears" if they are Negroes, "Yogi Bears" if white.

Instead of wasting time on spit-and-polish, recruits concentrate on combat

out a writhing northern pine snake. "Any time you are going through the jungle and come across a nonpoisonous snake," he advised, "pick him up and put him in your shirt. If you find yourself without food, pull him out and eat him." A poisonous snake can also be eaten, said Weaver, "if you cut his head off just below the poison sacs." Pointing out that rattlesnake meat is "considered a great delicacy" (it sells for 35¢ an ounce), Weaver assured his gagging audience: "Snakes are about the sweetest, tenderest meat you'll find."

The sons of the affluent society tend to be taller, broader and—initially at least—a mite softer than depression-reared Willie and Joe of World War II vintage. Johnson's Army greets them much as he himself might: with a conscious effort to respect their individual dignity. Even more incredible to yesterday's warriors is the official aura of sobersided respectability that Johnson has tried valiantly to imbue in his men.



GENERAL JOHNSON & GRADUATING TRAINEES
A distrust for the schoolbook solution.

and survival under conditions closely approximating those of real-life jungle warfare. They no longer pot stationary bull's-eyes to pass marksmanship tests. Instead, trainees armed with M-14 rifles are rated by the speed and accuracy with which they shoot down multiple targets popping up at random from behind bushes and trees. As a camouflage instructor lectures a class, a concealed soldier with a machine gun springs out of a hole only a few feet in front of them. The instructor points out: "This is the technique the Viet Cong are using today. They're under your nose and you don't know it."

Snake Ration. At Fort Jackson last week, Sergeant Woodrow Weaver, a Viet Nam veteran, faced his class, unbuttoned his shirt and casually pulled

Half-Spartan, half-Puritan, the Chief frowns on nearly all the fighting man's favorite foibles, from cussing and ribaldry to boozing and whoring. Johnson, who takes an occasional drink, says with distaste: "I want no pickled brains leading my troops." One of his generals, who got publicly involved with a subordinate's wife, was summoned to Washington and swiftly resigned. In Johnson's jealous view, "The man or wife who will cheat on his partner will cheat on me." A onetime Star Scout, he keeps the *Boy Scout Handbook* and the Bible in his office. Fortunately for smokers, "Father Johnson," as he is sometimes called, burns up two packs of Winstons and four cigars daily.

In all justice, Johnson believes that the Army should treat its involuntary



PUGIL COMBATANTS AT FORT JACKSON (FIFTH FROM LEFT: GENERAL JOHNSON)
"They're under your nose and you don't know it."

employees with particular solicitude. A "private's general," he takes pride in the good chow and creature comforts that soften a draftee's adjustment to military life. New men are greeted at reception centers with brass bands. At Fort Jackson, S.C., and Fort Dix, N.J., drafty, double-decker wooden barracks are giving way to modern brick buildings that resemble campus dormitories. They have bathrooms on every level, rooms with from two to eight bunks, telephones, lounge rooms and Laundromats. There are automatic dishwashers and potato-peeling machines for K.P. duty.

But the actual soldiering is tougher than ever. During his eight weeks of Basic Combat Training, a recruit nowadays is automatically "recycled," or forced to repeat any week that he fails. After an exhaustive basic proficiency test, he enters a second eight-week period called Advanced Individual Training. During AIT, the recruit learns further skills based on his aptitude and interests, finally qualifies in one of 950 Military Occupation Specialties ranging from "creepy-peepy" (battlefield radar) to computers (by which warehouse sergeants now tot up rations). In all, today's soldier gets four months' training v. eight to twelve weeks in World War II, and in subjects unimaginable only a few years ago.

Reason for Skepticism. As a final preparation for battle, the fighting man learns the "Code of Conduct for Members of the Armed Forces of the United States," promulgated by President Eisenhower in 1955 after 21 brainwashed American prisoners defected to the Communists during the Korean War. The Code pledges the U.S. soldier to "accept neither parole nor special fa-

vors from the enemy" and to "make no oral or written statements disloyal to my country and its allies or harmful to their cause." The need for such a reminder of the captive's responsibilities was demonstrated again last week when two evidently indoctrinated U.S. prisoners released by the Viet Cong parroted the Red line on Viet Nam (see THE WORLD). On other subjects as well, the soldier is encouraged to think for himself. Drill sergeants exhort their classes in metronomic meter: *"The. Only. Foolish. Question. Is. The. Question. That. Is. Not. Asked."* Johnson himself constantly urges: "Be curious and snoopy. Challenge the assertion."

The Chief has more reason than most soldiers to mistrust the brasshat's easy faith in their own omniscience. A North Dakotan of Canadian descent, West Pointer Johnson served in Manila with the 57th Infantry—the famed Philippine Scouts—for 18 months before Pearl Harbor. Even as the war closed in, with no warnings from Washington, most of his fellow officers took their polo and drinking more seriously than battle training.

A disciplined, compulsively hard worker even then, young Captain Johnson was the 57th's operations officer when the Japanese attacked 24 years ago this week. Ordered to Bataan, his outfit was one of the first American-led regiments to engage the Japanese in World War II, and for a few precious days turned them back. Johnson performed his operations duties with such distinction that he was promoted to major, then to lieutenant colonel and given command of a battalion.

Most Honest Man. "I had it long enough to lose it," he says ruefully. Nine days after Johnson took over,

Bataan's ill-prepared, ill-equipped defenders surrendered to an overwhelmingly superior Japanese force. He and other survivors of the 57th joined the brutal Bataan march. Hobbling along, gnawing sugar cane to ease his hunger pangs, Johnson lived through an ordeal in which 8,150 others died. At a P.O.W. compound in the Philippines, his fellow prisoners elected the junior colonel commissary officer, entrusted him with their own money to buy scarce food. "They needed the most honest man in the camp to handle the food," says a veteran of those days. "There was only one choice—Johnny Johnson."

Building a network of illicit supplies, Johnson kept the camp fed for nearly 2½ years despite persistent Japanese attempts to get hold of their cash—\$750,000 in all. When his captors insisted that prisoners bow before the camp commander, Johnson refused. "Americans do not bow," he said again and again. "They salute." He kept on saluting.

In 1944 Johnson was one of 1,619 U.S. prisoners who were herded aboard a Japan-bound freighter. Packed shoulder to shoulder below decks in 120° heat, they were given neither food nor water, drank one another's urine to survive. While the ship was still off the Philippines, U.S. bombers blasted it, killing some 300 of the American prisoners. Survivors who swam ashore were hauled by boxcars to Lingayen Gulf and loaded aboard another freighter, which was forced to dock at Formosa with engine trouble. Six days later, U.S. planes bombed the island, killing outright 100 more Americans. In the next three days hundreds of wounded men died for lack of medical attention.

Life by Lottery. The survivors finally reached a prison camp at Fukuoka in Japan, where they were greeted by a captured U.S. Army surgeon, Walter Kostecki. Now physician-in-charge at Fort Myer, Va., Kostecki says that "there was no medical reason why Harold Johnson should have been alive." Down to 90 lbs.—he weighs 170 today—he was wasting away with dysentery. Dr. Kostecki, who had obtained two dozen intravenous feeding kits, held a lottery to decide which of the dying arrivals would receive treatment; Johnson drew a winning number.

In 1945 the group was moved to Japanese-occupied Korea. There, on Sept. 8, six days after Japan's surrender, G.I.s of the U.S. 7th Division threw open the gates of their camp near Inchon. Johnson had been a prisoner for three years and five months to the day. Of the 1,619 Americans who had left the Philippines together, barely a handful survived.

Only a few of the P.O.W.s have ever made a mark in the postwar Army. Johnson, always a deeply religious man, emerged with a heightened faith in God and an almost mystic belief in human will power. As a soldier, he says, he learned the value of "controlled impatience."

It was to stand him in good stead. The postwar Army, led by officers who had roared through the campaigns of Europe or the Pacific, had no place for ex-P.O.W.s versed in prewar tactics. The future Chief of Staff tried in vain to win an assignment at Georgia's Fort Benning, was even turned down as an R.O.T.C. instructor by several universities. So Johnson went back to class himself, toured the Army's ground force schools and spent a year at Fort Leavenworth's Command and General Staff College. Then, in 1950, came Korea—and overnight the Army needed every combat officer it could muster.

Death in the Hay. With a battalion of undertrained rookies, Johnson—still a lieutenant colonel after eight years—was assigned to the Pusan perimeter, where he moved into position as a reserve unit. The next day the Communists overran the front lines. Johnson's battalion fought like veterans—and held. Later, near Tabu-dong, Johnson himself led a counterattack to regain a key sector, earning the nation's second highest award, the Distinguished Service Cross, for "extraordinary heroism in action." As Lieut. Colonel George Allen of Fairfax, Va., then one of his platoon leaders, recalls the battle: "The world was coming apart. Our company commander had been killed. There was heavy firing 100 yards away. Colonel Johnson said we could handle it. He parceled out firepower and called in air strikes. He hadn't slept for three days, but he never used a profane word." It was, however, the only occasion on which his battalion ever saw Johnson in need of a shave.

During the bloody withdrawal from the Yalu River, Johnson ordered his men to pile up stacks of hay in the fields before their line of fire. When hugh-blowing North Koreans swept down in a night attack, Johnson's machine-gunners set fire to the haystacks with tracer bullets. In the heat, glare and confusion, the attackers were wiped out.

Jumping 43. Decorated four times in Korea, Johnson was promoted to full colonel in 1950, to brigadier general in 1956. He was named Chief of Staff of the U.S. Seventh Army in Germany in 1957, proved so capable an administrator that in two years he was picked for the high-powered job of Chief of Staff of NATO's Central Army Group in West Germany. In 1960 he returned to the U.S. as boss of his alma mater, the Staff College at Leavenworth. Three years later, Johnson was ordered to the Pentagon, became deputy chief of staff for military operations, a post in which he helped pave the way for the buildup of 1965.

In nearly a decade of decline, the Army had been starved of funds and allowed to dwindle to 862,000 men. But President Kennedy was not merely wary of "massive retaliation" as the chief U.S. military doctrine; he wanted to have a "flexible response" to any form of attack. Under a \$9 billion re-



FIRST AIR CAV HOWITZER CREW IN VIET NAM
Each morning's headlines tell the story.

building program, Army manpower was restored, its organization streamlined, its equipment modernized—and it was allowed to expand its own air arm.

Johnson brilliantly handled his role in the reconstruction under Chief of Staff Earle ("Bus") Wheeler, who was named Chairman of the Joint Chiefs in 1964. That July, reaching down past 43 three- and four-star generals with greater seniority, Defense Secretary McNamara chose Johnson as Army Chief of Staff. Johnson was awarded his fourth star.

The Army chief and his wife Dorothy, an Aberdeen, S. Dak., girl whom he married in 1935, moved into Quarters No. 1 at Fort Myer, the columned, red-brick Victorian house on Generals' Row that became the Chief of Staff's official residence soon after the post was created in 1903. The 66-year-old house boasts an elevator (installed by the Douglas MacArthurs), a magnificent view of Washington (thanks to Mamie Eisenhower, who cleared away trees and shrubbery blocking it), a barbecue pit (the Matthew Ridgways), and a hotel-size kitchen (the Lyman Lemnitzer).

The Johnsons' only regret is that the twelve-room house would have been ideal when their three children still lived with them. Son Harold Keith Jr., 27, works for the National Security Agency in Washington; Daughter Ellen Kay, 24, is married to a U.S. Army lieutenant stationed in Germany; Son Robert James, 19, is a cadet in his second year at West Point.

Manpower Accordion. Johnson puts in a 17-hour day, six-day week at the Pentagon, and lugs two black briefcases home in the evenings and on Sundays. "We used to schedule brief-

ings around Max Taylor's tennis game," says one old Pentagon hand. "Not with this guy. He's all work." Johnson faces a different and in many ways a more challenging task than did his predecessors. While the Administration lays down the broad strategy in Viet Nam, and General William Westmoreland, the U.S. commandant in Saigon, makes the day-to-day tactical decisions, it is Johnson's job to man and supply the Army's outposts from Bien Hoa to Berlin. Apart from 150,000 National Guardsmen and reservists who have been alerted for "possible commitment to combat," his chief manpower reservoir is that old American standby, the Selective Service System, headed today, as it was a quarter-century ago, by dauntless Lieut. General Lewis B. Hershey.

As the Pentagon calls the tune, Selective Service expands and contracts as smoothly as an accordion. More and more American men are facing the music. Orders have gone out for 1,529 doctors up to age 35—with or without families—350 dentists, 100 veterinarians to help with human needs such as hygiene and proper food handling. On the President's order, half a million childless married men have lost their delayed call-up status. The nation's more than 4,000 draft boards are tightening deferments on college students who fail to maintain acceptable grades.

Horrendous Backups. The Army is better equipped than ever to transport its growing manpower. Two weeks after it was ordered to Viet Nam from Georgia, the 1st Air Cavalry Division landed 16,000 men, 477 aircraft and 19,000 tons of supplies on Qui Nhon beach. Logistically so far, the only big Mickey Mouse, in G.I. parlance,

was a brief shortage of canvas-and-rubber jungle boots (leather footgear rots in Viet Nam's steamy climate); they were flown in directly from Stateside manufacturers.

Since July, the pipeline has poured in 80 million lbs. of B rations, 2,000,000 cans of evaporated milk, 700,000 cans of sweet potatoes, 182,000 cans of instant orange juice, 870,000 lbs. of sugar, 1,200,000 packets of instant coffee. To keep up the flow, 95% of which travels by sea, the Army has employed every kind of freighter from demobilized World War II rustpots to the sleek *Louise Lykes* on her maiden voyage.

Nonetheless, the rapid troop buildup has caused horrendous cargo backups, which in turn limit the number of fighting men who can be supported in Viet Nam. To the dismay of field commanders, replacement troops have to be based in Okinawa and other reserve areas far from the front. With an average of 100 ships a day standing off their harbors, South Viet Nam's six biggest ports can at present handle only 17. As many as 40 ships at a time have been diverted to Japan, Okinawa and the Philippines to await docking space in Viet Nam; hundreds more have been held up in U.S. West Coast ports. Vital war matériel has no priority over commercial cargoes. An ammunition ship

recently waited 23 days for a berth in Saigon, whose port facilities are hardly a match for those of Castine, Me. Viet Nam critically lacks warehouse space and distribution facilities. Last week 9,000,000 cans of beer and soft drinks were stacked up on Saigon's wharves.

Cam Ranh Bay, destined to be one of the world's biggest ports, will ease the bottleneck when it is completed next year. McNamara last week ordered 10,000 additional logistical and engineering and support troops to Viet Nam to help relieve the jam. Meanwhile, as a Saigon logistics officer puts it, "trying to handle this buildup is like a juggler on a tightrope trying to drink from a firehose."

"Sub-Invasion." Far and away the most formidable problem, of course, is the Communist buildup in South Viet Nam, which has reached the point where U.S. officers refer to it as a "sub-invasion." Regular troops from Hanoi have been infiltrating at a probable rate of 2,500 monthly since mid-1965, and intelligence sources in Saigon expect the Ho Chi Minh government soon to increase the flow to 4,500 a month. There are now 30,000 North Vietnamese troops in the South. With the Viet Cong, the "hard hats" from the North form a tough, dedicated fighting force of 250,000. Though American and South Vietnamese troops are outkilling

the enemy almost 3 to 1, some guerrilla war experts maintain that the ratio is not nearly high enough to bleed the Reds into retreat out of South Viet Nam.

The Ultimate Weapon. Meantime, in remote, malaria-ridden jungles and mountains, squinting down sunspots at their fanatic foe, General Johnson's alumni are proving their mettle. Draftees now comprise more than one-fifth of Army strength in Viet Nam, and account for one-third of the average 1,000 monthly replacements. Each morning's headlines tell the story of their courage.

It will take time for any final evaluation of their prowess, for a soldier—however well-trained and motivated—only learns to fight by fighting. There should be no lack of opportunity in Viet Nam where, as the Chief of Staff has repeatedly warned, American fighting men may be engaged in combat for many years. As an old soldier, Johnson has also warned repeatedly of negotiations, which the Communists would use as a means to victory on the battlefield.

Nonetheless, American ground troops have already vindicated the nation's need for a strong, flexible army. From the training grounds of Fort Dix, where a massive statue of a charging infantryman is respectfully known as The Ultimate Weapon, to Viet Nam where kid infantrymen moved into a solid sheet of fire last month on a single word from a platoon sergeant, Johnny Johnson's soldiers exude a new confidence. They know they can win.

In the Boonies, It's Numbah Ten Thou'

The fighting man's argot changes with the generations and the geography, the weapons and the war. Hearing the lingo of South Viet Nam, the dogfacs, gyrenes and swabbies of World War II would hardly know Dodge City from the Boonies. A G.I. glossary, updated:

DEP CHI rhymes with hep guy (the *ch* as in chap), means roughly that. It derives from *dep trai*, or handsome boy, which Vietnamese bar girls call all U.S. servicemen.

SAG (pronounced sow) also denotes what it sounds like: hog, jerk, liar or anything else derogatory—another bar girl contribution.

CHOI OI (as in the Yiddish expletive *oy oy!*) is an all-purpose Vietnamese phrase of uncertain origin, meaning, at best, good grief.

NUMBAH ONE (from pidgin English) means the best. **NUMBAH TEN**, until recently, meant the absolute worst. As the war has grown more arduous, **NUMBAH TEN THOU'** has come to describe a man or a circumstance 1,000 times worse than numbah ten, if possible—and far worse than **MICKEY MOUSE**, a versatile expression that labels an activity superfluous, unheroic, fouled up, or all three.

BOONIES, short for boondocks, is an unaffectionate term for the back country where the fighting and the living are rough. **BOONIES NUMBAH**

TEN THOU' describes the Ia Drang Valley.

DAI UY, the Vietnamese rank of captain, is pronounced *dye wee* by Americans and used to designate anyone in charge of anything.

GRUNT is a current Marine Corps term for its infantryman.

DI DAI (rhymes with tree high) is Vietnamese for "O.K., go ahead," not to be confused with **DI DI** (pronounced dee dee), which can mean anything from "get out of here" to "follow me."

PEE is a piastre, the Vietnamese monetary unit; **FUNNY MONEY** and **RED DOLLARS** mean scrip issued U.S. personnel in lieu of dollars.

THUD is an Air Force onomatopoe for the F-105 Thunderchief, many of which have been shot down.

ZAP, or **WAX**, also onomatopoe, means to clobber.

DODGE CITY is Hanoi, where a pilot has to **JINK** (zigzag) to keep from getting zapped from the ground.

SHOOTOUT, by contrast, means flying straight down into heavy anti-aircraft fire.

THE WAR

Pygmies All

Saying *nyet* for perhaps the thousandth time, Moscow once again disappointed the nonaligned and Western statesmen who cling to the chimerical notion that Russia would help mediate a peace in Viet Nam.

After a four-day series of talks last week with Kremlin officials aimed at promoting a "conference of all governments concerned," British Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart finally conceded: "The present Soviet attitude does not at present seem to open a door." The Russian position, said Stewart, is that it has no authority to intervene.

That nicety has not hindered the Russians' flow of war supplies to Hanoi. Indeed, far from seeking peace in Viet Nam, Moscow has actually stepped up military aid to Hanoi and, according to Asian sources at the United Nations, has even knuckled under to Peking's arrogant demand that Russia pay tribute in precious U.S. dollars for the privilege of shipping its matériel on Chinese railroads. Far from seeking an end to the war, the Russians—as the pro-Soviet Polish press reported last week—are furious at the Chinese for refusing to cooperate with Moscow "and concert policy in the face of imperialist aggression" in Viet Nam.

Weekly Contact. There were no complaints of noncooperation between Hanoi and Peking. The Chinese are pour-

ing an ever-rising flood of arms and military technicians into North Viet Nam, thus bulwarking Hanoi's armored resistance to negotiations. In an ironic sequel to the recent ruckus over Washington's supposed rejection of "peace feelers" from Hanoi, the Administration let it be known last week that it had been making its own overtures to the North Vietnamese government for months. Through Communist delegations at the U.N., as Ambassador Arthur Goldberg explained it, the U.S. had tried to plumb Hanoi's willingness to "enter into an equitable arrangement for a cease-fire that would call for a diminution of military activity on both sides."

Though Washington indicated its willingness to suspend bombing raids on the North, Hanoi did not even bother to reject the American feelers. Nor could there be any doubt that the Communists had got the message. "We are in touch with the other side regularly every week," said Secretary of State Dean Rusk.

"Take Care." While Hanoi remained mum, Peking last week weighed in with the standard diatribe. Hsinhua, the Red Chinese press agency, jeered that U.S. offers to talk were no more than "a form of Washington's war blackmail," depicting its overtures as "a painstaking effort to present the U.S. aggressors as angels of peace."

The "realities," to use the peace seekers' current in-word, are clear enough. Until Hanoi and Peking are convinced that the U.S. is winning the war, they will continue to turn a deaf ear to peace talks. But as Dean Rusk warned heatedly in Washington and St. Louis last week: "There will be no gathering together after World War III. There won't be enough left. Forget it. The necessity is that we remember these lessons now—build a decent world order now, in order to prevent World

War III." Asked Rusk: "How do you find peace? That, ladies and gentlemen, is the question that makes pygmies of all of us. If anyone thinks he has the answer—take care, take care."

And Now the Soulник

Man, a man could wear himself out with all that marching. Besides, every middle-aged beard and his brother are out picketing for peace these days. So, turning from soles to souls, disillusioned Vietnik Ray Robinson Jr., 29, a Negro in blue denim, hit on the great couch-in formula for ending the war. "We've got to show the people the only way is love," he explained. "We've got to talk and listen—everywhere." Preferably sitting.

So saying, the junior guru from Washington led the last platoon of the Nov. 27 antiwar protest march into Washington's Harrington Hotel. Later they found comfort in a plush \$60-a-day suite in the Statler Hilton. In such surroundings, sprawled on couches and carpet, they held the first coeducational "soul session." One young convert, recalling with distaste an abrasive cry from some demonstrators as they marched around the White House—"Hey, hey, L.B.J., how many people did you kill today?"—suggested that the soul protester should take the long-suffering view of Lyndon's problems. Said he: "We've got to let the President tell us about his pain."

So successful was the 96-hour couch-in that the Soulniks decided to hold a press conference to spread the lovin' word. They explained that the Hilton setting, if decidedly unspiritual, was essential to the cause. Said one: "You've got to go to a swank downtown hotel, right down in the nittygritty groove, man, to get the press to come out."

TRIALS

Two Lives for a Fix

In the nether world of the narcotics addict, a man's only loyalty is to himself. Richard Robles, a sallow-faced, 22-year-old junkie, learned that lesson too late last week when a Manhattan jury found him guilty of the sadistic murders of Career Girls Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffer in August 1963. The most convincing evidence against Robles was provided by his two best friends, fellow addicts both.

One was Nathan Delaney, 36, a Negro twice convicted on felony charges; the other was Delaney's white wife Marjorie, 30, a prostitute. A major part of the state's case rested on the Delaneys, who by any standard were hardly credible witnesses. When he himself faced a homicide rap in the killing of a dope peddler last year, Delaney offered to lead police to Robles in return for leniency in his own case. After a grand jury refused to indict Delaney on the murder charge, he and his wife set about getting Robles to talk about the double



ROBLES' (LEFT) & SISTER
A junkie's reward.

slaying—within range of hidden police microphones.

Along with tapes of those conversations, the state's case included a detective's testimony that after Robles was arrested, he said: "I went in to pull a lousy burglary and I wind up killing two girls." Needing money for a heroin fix, Robles said he entered the girls' East Side Manhattan apartment through an open window, picked up two kitchen knives and started prowling around. Finding blonde Janice Wylie, 21, asleep in the nude, he sexually attacked her. When Roommate Emily Hoffer, 23, walked in, Robles said, he grabbed her, bound the two women together and tied them to a bed. Robles was quoted as saying: "Something told me I had to kill them. I got two soda bottles and struck them over the head. I knocked out Janice and I only stunned Emily. I just kept stabbing them." Afterward, testified the Delaneys, Robles showed up at their apartment wearing blood-stained clothes and explained: "I need a shot. I just iced two girls."

The reluctant chief witness for the defense was George Whitmore, 21, a Negro laborer who was first charged with the crime and later exonerated after Robles' arrest. Defense Attorney Jack Hoffinger read to the jury a confession that police said had been made by Whitmore. On the witness stand, Whitmore denied having made a confession.

It took the jury of five women and seven men five hours to find Robles guilty on two counts of felony murder. Because New York abolished the death penalty last June (except for killing either a policeman or a prison employee during an escape attempt), Robles faces a maximum of two consecutive life sentences.

* Under guard at funeral of his mother, who died three days before Robles was found guilty.



DEAN RUSK
Unfelt feelers.

CITIES

Truth or Consequences

After the great blackout in the northeastern U.S. (TIME cover, Nov. 19), El Paso Electric Co. President Ray Lockhart, whose outfit serves a 13,200-sq.-mi. area of southwest Texas, southern New Mexico and the Mexican city of Ciudad Juárez, bragged that nothing like that could ever happen to his customers. Last week it did.

Blacked out for two hours were some 50 cities and towns, including El Paso, Ciudad Juárez, Truth or Consequences, Las Cruces and Alamogordo, New Mex. The power failure also hit four military bases—Fort Bliss and Biggs Air Force Base in Texas, White Sands Missile Range and Holloman Air Force Base in New Mexico—until emergency equipment cut in. The shutoff was traced to a malfunction in a regulator that feeds natural gas to the boilers in one of the company's two steam-powered generating plants. That plant was closed down, and the other shut itself off under the increased load. El Paso's red-faced Ray Lockhart hardly knew what to say. "It's unbelievable," he sputtered, "but it happened."

From Tammany to Tiffany

In electing Republican John Lindsay mayor of their city last month, New Yorkers responded to a promise of youthful dash and imagination in a city government that had long made a virtue of timorous mediocrity. Last week, as he completed his first round of appointments, Lindsay, 44, seemed intent on honoring that promise.

As his two deputy mayors, Lindsay picked his astute, longtime campaign strategist, Robert Price, 33, and Liberal Party Chairman Timothy W. Costello, 49, an articulate professor of psychology and management at New York University who had been the mayor-elect's unsuccessful running mate for the city council presidency.

Assigned the task of ferreting out municipal corruption as investigation commissioner was Arnold G. Fraiman, 40, a former assistant U.S. attorney who served as court-appointed lawyer for Soviet Spy Colonel Rudolph Abel in 1957. Robert O. Lowery, 49, an up-the-ladder career fireman who voted for Lindsay's Democratic mayoral opponent Abraham Beame, became the city's first Negro fire commissioner. The oldest and most widely known appointee was J. Lee Rankin, 58, Solicitor General under President Eisenhower and indefatigable counsel to the Warren Commission, who became New York City's corporation counsel.

Another promising choice was Thomas Hoving, 34, as the new parks commissioner. The appointment was announced, à la Lyndon Johnson, against the appropriate backdrop—the boathouse in Central Park. Hoving, curator of medieval art at the Metropolitan Museum and son of Tiffany's Chairman Walter Hoving, prescribed a whole



COMMISSIONER HOVING & FAMILY ON CENTRAL PARK LAKE
From river to rooftop, prescriptions for adventure.

new approach to parks: he plans to put them on rooftops and river barges, hopes to beguile children with "adventure" playgrounds (TIME, June 25) where they can build their own slides, swings and jungle gyms.

EMPLOYMENT

When Is the Difference Unequal?

Sex has not been much of a subject for official debate since women got the vote. Now, however, as an unpredictable result of the 1964 Voting Rights Act, *la difference* bids fair to stir another furor. At issue is a clause in the law that bans job discrimination because of race, color, religion, national origin—or sex. Among harried employers, the new law has become known as the "Bunny problem," because of an extreme but oft-cited example of the problems it may pose. Suppose, runs the hypothetical question, a man applies for a job as a Playboy Club Bunny. Would the law require that he be hired?

The problem is far from frivolous. The sex clause affects all U.S. employers of 100 or more workers, a limit that will drop to 25 in three years. A new federal agency, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, has been set up to enforce the antidiscrimination ban—and seems likely to make Washington's most embattled bureaucracy.

Since the law went into effect last July, 306 complaints of sex bias have been lodged with the commission. Typical was the case of a woman employed as an assembler in a California electronics plant. Although she holds a degree in electronics, she wrote, and could make from \$1 to \$3 an hour more as a technician, her employer refused to promote her on the convenient ground that she might have to lift something weighing more than 25 lbs.—which would

violate a California law that prohibits women workers from doing just that.

To help employers decide where sex ends and discrimination begins, the commission, chaired by Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., recently drew a set of guidelines defining unlawful sex bias. From now on, ruled the commission, it shall be unlawful to:

- ▶ Treat jobs as men's or women's work unless the employee's sex is "a bona fide occupational qualification" (it takes a woman to model women's clothes).
- ▶ Refuse to hire men or promote women "because of the preferences of co-workers, the employer, clients or customers," unless the need is obvious, as in theatrical roles.
- ▶ Forbid the hiring of married women, unless the same rule applies also to married men.
- ▶ Use separate seniority lists that discriminate against either men or women.
- ▶ Publish separate "male" and "female" help-wanted ads without a disclaimer that U.S. law forbids sex discrimination.

While Roosevelt does not believe the commission's guidelines "will cause a revolution in job patterns," he promised that the commission would "work cautiously" to avoid creating absurd situations. They will doubtless arise anyway. What about the woman pilot who aspires to be an airlines captain? Or the man who loves kids so much that he applies for a job as a nanny? The male homosexual who would like to fit bras for a living? Hardly more farfetched is the case of two prostitutes, Jeannette McDonald and Hattie May Smith, who have appealed convictions in Oakland, Calif., on the grounds of sexual bias. They were discriminated against, say they, because the male customers who were with them when they were arrested were released without charge.

TOWARD VOTING AS A POSITIVE PLEASURE

ELECTRONIC technology seems to have abolished time and space. Computers calculate inventories, bank balances and rocket orbits instantaneously, thousands of miles away from their "clients." Culture is transistorized and education telemetered. Tomorrow or the day after, according to Canada's Marshall McLuhan, the most provocative scientific prophet around, people will be able to perform their jobs or shop via television from their homes (if they and their wives can stand it, that is). Despite such present or potential miracles, the business of voting in America—the most important business in a democracy—is slow, cumbersome and primitive. Says CBS President Frank Stanton, who has made voting reform a personal crusade: "If we ran our factories, conducted our communications and nurtured our health at the same rate of scientific and technical advance as we conduct our political affairs, we would still be taking weeks to make a pair of shoes, delivering the mail by Pony Express, and treating pneumonia by bloodletting."

From Paper to Electronics

One trouble is restrictive registration. Most states have lengthy residence requirements before an otherwise eligible voter can cast his ballot in a national election—Mississippi being the worst, with two years. Many states also require unreasonably early registration; in Texas, it is necessary to pay a poll tax by Feb. 1, if one wants to be able to vote in November. Almost everywhere the voter is caught in a vortex of filling in forms and signing registration books. Many of these practices stem from a time when American communities were isolated; in mobile America, the system is clearly outdated. An estimated 8,000,000 Americans were unable to vote in 1960 because of state residency requirements; they could have made a crucial difference in that election, which John Kennedy won by a scant 113,000 votes.

Even after the citizen has managed to register, voting itself is at best a bother and at worst an ordeal. Polling places are almost always overcrowded, badly organized, requiring long waits. Way back in 1634, Massachusetts switched from voice voting to paper ballots. Today, most Massachusetts precincts still use paper, and so do a majority of the nation's other 173,000 precincts, despite the fact that electronic progress has already bypassed even the familiar automatic voting machine.

A growing number of groups and individuals have become concerned with reforming all this, including a special Commission on Registration and Voting Participation, which filed a report to President Johnson. There is increasing pressure to cut residence requirements out, or at least cut them down. A pioneer in making registration easier is Idaho, which has county canvassers who go from house to house enrolling voters. Result: more than 80% of Idahoans cast ballots in presidential elections, against a scandalous national average of slightly over 60%.

Many feel that registration reform is not enough, and that the whole voting process should be overhauled with the help of electronics. Observes the chairman of Chicago's Board of Elections: "Everyone with the least bit of ingenuity is inventing something to simplify voting." In several places electronic voting systems have been tried, with remarkable results.

► Orange County, Calif., used paper ballots for its primary elections of June 1964. It took some 10,000 workers about 36 hours to complete the count, at a cost of \$600,000. But by the time of the November elections, Orange County had installed something called the Coleman Vote Tally System. The voter still marks a paper ballot, but uses a special fluorescent ink. He drops the ballot into a box, which is later taken by officials to a central counting place, where its contents are fed into a computer that announces the results within moments. A control experiment was conducted with

the help of a county grand jury, which was handed a quantity of ballots that took 24 hours of counting. By the electronic method, those same ballots were counted accurately in ten seconds. The electronic system enabled Orange County to cut its costs from \$1.22 to 60¢ per voter.

► Contra Costa County, Calif., also began using the Coleman system in November 1964. Despite some bugs and errors, it reduced the number of precincts from 1,164 to 720, election personnel from 7,384 to 2,880, the election payroll from \$127,797 to \$73,870, and the man-hours required to tabulate the vote from 52,573 to 5,781—even while the total vote rose by more than 15% over the last previous election.

► Fulton County (Atlanta), Ga., is one of several that has used a nifty little number called the IBM Votomatic. Invented by Dr. Joseph P. Harris, a retired University of California political science professor, it weighs a mere 6 lbs. and costs \$185 per unit (against \$1,800 for the present automatic voting machines, which, because of their size, are also far more expensive to store). Votomatic works by electronic punch card. As with the Coleman system, the precinct ballots must eventually be taken to a centralized computer headquarters.

By Phone to the Franchise

These systems only begin to suggest the possibilities. Voting, says Richard Scummon of Washington's Governmental Affairs Institute, "ought to be as simple as making a telephone call"—and the phone might, in fact, be used for that purpose. Moreover, voters may some day cast their ballots via two-way TV without leaving their living room.

Apart from electronics, CBS's Stanton urges that Election Day be made a national legal holiday so as to "free thousands to vote at their convenience rather than attempt to squeeze it in before work or at lunchtime or on the way home" (on the other hand, cynics argue, it might free thousands to go to the races rather than to the polling booth). Stanton would have all the nation's polling places open at the same time, remain in operation for a full 24 hours, and shut down simultaneously, thereby doing away with the time lag between the East and West coasts.

Stanton also argues for making registration a responsibility of the Federal Government instead of the states, with each voter carrying a permanent registration number, much the way Americans already have Social Security, draft and credit numbers. Says he: "In the future, electronic scanners at polling places will very probably be able to identify voters, or prevent repeats and unauthorized ballots, by a split-second survey of a voter's thumb."

Such visions still evoke considerable skepticism. Democratic National Chairman John Bailey agrees that voting should be made easier, but he believes, as does his Republican opposite number, Ray Bliss, that the main problem is not mechanical but lies in the welter of state regulations. Many people oppose federal control of registration; although the U.S. Constitution is somewhat vague on the point, long tradition has left the function to the states. Some politicians fear that electronic voting will do away with patronage jobs for local election officials and generally loosen their control of the precincts. But the majority of political leaders would probably agree that some form of electronic voting is a good idea and inevitable.

There will always remain some citizens who just don't care enough to exercise their franchise. If voting is a right of U.S. citizenship, so is non-voting. But that is no excuse for archaic procedures. After all, Trinidad and Tobago recently instituted a national registration system, installed voting machines, and drew 88% of the electorate to the polls. It seems hardly proper for the U.S. to lag behind democracy in the tropics.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

250 Lbs. of Plastique

The sounds of oncoming day filled Saigon's Nguyen Cu Trinh Street. Across from the eight-story Metropole Hotel, the third largest American enlisted men's billet in the city, buses began lining up for the day's run to the beaches of Vung Tau. The sputter of three-wheeled *cyclo-pousse* taxis occasionally disturbed the gloomy quiet. An American MP, automatic shotgun cradled in the crook of his arm, and a white-uniformed Vietnamese national policeman neared the end of their guard duty outside the Metropole. Inside, 160 American servicemen lay sleeping.

A grey-painted panel truck braked to a stop. Three Viet Cong leaped out and opened fire on the two guards with sub-machine guns. The MP was hit in the shoulder but still managed to get off four shotgun blasts and empty his .45. Then, as he and his Vietnamese partner crawled inside to get help, the truck, packed with what must have been 250 lbs. of *plastique* (a putty-like, easily shaped explosive), blew up. The fireball knocked out nearly every window within a radius of 100 yds., demolished five of the buses, blew several stories of the façade off the Metropole, dug a 12-by 13-ft. crater in the pavement.

Fire trucks, police and medics raced

to the scene to begin the bloody job of evacuating the wounded and digging through the debris for the dead. In the process they discovered a Claymore mine, which sprays steel balls in a deadly triangle when it goes off. It is a favorite Viet Cong trick to set off Claymores minutes after an initial act of terrorism, with the idea of wiping out the rescuers as well. Miraculously this Claymore fizzled, or the toll would have been far worse. It was had enough: eight dead, including one American, one New Zealander, and six Vietnamese; 137 injured—72 Americans, 62 Vietnamese (including twelve children) and three New Zealanders.

Although pitched battles between major forces have lately seized the headlines, last week's bombing of the Metropole was a cruel reminder that the Viet Cong's campaign of sabotage and terrorism continues. For the last tabulated one-week period, in fact, Viet Cong incidents have soared to a new high of 1,038. They range from propaganda marches in provincial capitals, protesting U.S. air strikes, to last week's mining of the Danish freighter *S.S. Kina*, en route via canal from the sea to Saigon. The submerged mine blew a gaping hole in the *Kina*, but failed to sink her; if it had, much of the heavy cargo coming into Saigon would have been held up until the canal was cleared.

Powerful White Mice

Much of the Viet Cong terrorism in recent months has been aimed at South Viet Nam's national police, the *canh sat*. In one attack last week the raiders blew up the *canh sat* headquarters in Hien Nhon. In another, at Long An, raiders smashed a police checkpoint, killing three police. The enemy has good reason to try to cripple the cops. For the Vietnamese in the white uniforms do not handle only the usual policeman's lot of random robbery and mayhem. More and more, they are meeting the guerrillas face to face. "What is the guerrilla if not a criminal?" demands the *canh sat* commander, Colonel Pham Van Lieu. "He commits all the possible crimes—murder and rape, grand larceny and petty theft, extortion and blackmail."

Lieu's definition is unarguable—and so are the results his men are getting. In one recent week they seized 54 tons of foodstuffs destined for the Viet Cong, 31,290 items of equipment and 1,436 of medicine—plus 340 weapons. They arrested 346 Viet Cong and V.C. suspects, killed 54 guerrillas. In the process they lost only one *canh sat*—a ratio of effectiveness that if equaled by the regular armies for only a few weeks, would soon end the war. They are fast winning deep respect from their U.S. allies and from enemy terrorists.

After Diem. Even the South Vietnamese populace is impressed—no mean feat, considering the fact that for years the police had been little more than pawns in Saigon's political chess games. President Diem turned them into a family guard and on occasion played them off against the army. He created a subdivision known as the "combat police" that he used to raid pagodas during the feud with the Buddhists that ultimately led to his downfall. After Diem's government was overthrown, the *canh sat* were so demoralized that the Americans often called them "the white mice" because of their timidity.

Timid no more. A year ago last May, Saigon and the U.S. decided to build up the national police so that they could carry out a classic role in counterinsurgency as developed by the British in Malaya: Resource Control. In plain terms, their function is to deny guerrillas food, medicine and supplies. Pham Van Lieu, a crack former marine commando, was brought in to restore discipline and *esprit* and to try to mend fences with the regular military. The number of *canh sat* was doubled from 22,000 to the present 53,000, will total 72,000 by 1967—many of them trained by 144 U.S. policemen imported by AID's Public Safety Division. Eventually, the number may grow to 100,000—enough to move in behind combat troops once an area is cleared of Viet

METROPOLE AFTER BOMBING



Cong and form a permanent, local pacification force.

Off With Whites. Meanwhile the *canh sat* ring Saigon with checkpoints on all major highways and waterways. Mobile units on Jeeps set up random roadblocks to keep the Viet Cong's messengers and supply carriers off balance. Other police teams constantly circulate through Saigon in family census sweeps, checking the identity cards that all South Vietnamese over 18 are required to carry. Such sweeps in the last year have flushed out 4,813 Viet Cong, plus another 1,733 army deserters.

Soon the *canh sat* will be sweeping even wider. Last week the first graduating class from the new "field forces" division of the police was issued camouflage suits and automatic weapons. White uniforms are hardly suited for its mission: laying night ambushes for the Viet Cong in the jungles of enemy-infested Long An province.

Two for the Show

Determined to milk as much benefit as possible from U.S. antiwar demonstrations, the Viet Cong last week freed two G.I.s especially with the Vietniam audience in mind. The men were Staff Sergeant George E. Smith, 27, and Specialist Fifth Class Claude McClure, 25, both of whom had been Communist prisoners for more than two years. The Viet Cong delivered them, well fed and in apparent good health, to a Cambodian border post only a few hours after a V.C. radio station had broadcast that the G.I.s were being released "as a response to the friendly sentiments of the American people against the war in South Viet Nam."

The Viet Cong seemed to get their money's worth almost immediately. Seated on either side of a Viet Cong spokesman at a press conference in the Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh, the two Americans sharply denounced U.S. involvement in the war, praised their captors, and pledged to quit the Army to lead peace demonstrations. "I have known both sides, and the war in Viet Nam is of no interest to the United States," declared Smith, a ten-year Army veteran. He was returning home, he said, "so Americans can see the light about the war." McClure, a six-year veteran, told how the Viet Cong had healed his wounded leg. "Had it been the Saigon government, I would have been tortured," he said.

The men testified that they had been treated kindly, had been fed as well as possible, had not been required to do overly hard labor, and had been given books to read, Red Cross packages and mail from home. Both insisted that they had not been subjected to any form of brainwashing; but the Viet Cong representative did let slip that "the good discipline of the prisoners" had been a major factor in granting their release.

Smith, a native of Chester, W. Va., and McClure, a Negro from Chattanooga,



SMITH & MCCLURE WITH VIET CONG SPOKESMAN
Before the press, stratagems.

ge, were members of the same Special Forces detachment. They were captured when their camp 35 miles northeast of Saigon was overrun. They testified to knowing nothing about the fate of fellow prisoners who had been captured in the same action. Yet there was a press report from Washington quoting one of the prisoners—a Special Forces sergeant now in Germany—as saying that Smith had helped him escape from a cave in which they were both imprisoned, heroically sacrificing his own chance for freedom. And the parents of the two men reported that up to the moment of their release their letters had never reflected strong antiwar views.

More curious still was the fact that neither Smith nor McClure seemed in any hurry to leave Cambodia. Perhaps the Viet Cong themselves were not sure how well the two Americans might perform once they were out of Red reach and wanted to keep them under surveillance a bit longer.

INDONESIA

The Bung Stands Alone

No one has been more tolerant of the Communists in Indonesia than Peking-leaning Foreign Minister Subandrio. But last week Subandrio abruptly changed his tune. To the amazement and shock of an audience of university students in Djakarta, he declared that the Communists' involvement in the Sept. 30 coup was "treasonous" and "unmasked the true character of the party." A couple of days later, he told Peking to stop meddling in Indonesia's internal affairs, declared his nation neutral in the Sino-Soviet feud and brushed off Peking's protest over sackings of Chinese shops in East Java with the remark that Indonesians had a right to be angry with the Red Chinese.

By his sudden switch, Subandrio served notice that he was through with President Sukarno and ready to side with Defense Minister Abdul Haris Nasution and the rest of the military brass, who are consolidating their hold on the

country. Whether his move will be successful is in doubt. Many officers still suspect Subandrio of sympathy with—if not complicity in—the coup attempt, and the army shows no willingness to settle for anything less than a clean-broom housecleaning of all Reds and Red sympathizers.⁶ Stepping up its campaign to discredit the Communists, the army last week made public the confession of the country's sixth-ranking Communist, a labor leader named Njono who was arrested two weeks ago. According to his confession, the Communists not only planned and executed the attempted coup, but also intended to assassinate President Sukarno if he opposed the council that the Reds intended to set up to rule the country.

The defection of Sukarno's top sidekick, plus the revelations of what the Reds had in store for him, would be enough to make a lesser man quake. But not Bung Karno. Though now standing virtually alone, he continues to resist the army's demands that he outlaw the Communist Party.

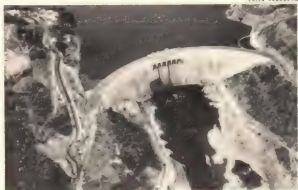
RHODESIA

Some Planes Arrive

For more than a month, the action stirred by Rhodesia's unilateral declaration of independence has centered in London and Salisbury. Last week the focus shifted to another capital: Lusaka, where Zambia's moderate black African President Kenneth Kaunda was caught in an ever tightening bind.

As Rhodesia's northern, black-ruled neighbor, Zambia is expected by other black-nationalist regimes in Africa to lead the fight against Ian Smith and his white-minority government. Kaunda certainly wants to defeat Rhodesia's whites, but not in a racial war. He wants white troops to go into Rhodesia to bring down Smith. But Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson is no-

⁶ In a flurry of rumors last week, Indonesian Communist Boss D. N. Aidit was variously reported as in prison, at large, killed in battle, and killed trying to escape prison.



KARIBA DAM



BRITISH TRANSPORT AT LUSAKA

To ease the bind, Britannia, Beverley and Javelin.

where near ready to face the prospect of the Queen's white British troops shooting Rhodesia's white British troops. And Kaunda admits that if he asked for Russian help, he would stand a very good chance of being captured at the same time he was being rescued.

Sullen Twins. Then there are more immediate economic worries. Smith & Co. have it in their power to isolate landlocked Zambia from its markets and to cut off electrical power in the rich Zambian copper fields around Ndola. Rhodesians control the turbines and generators of the giant Kariba Dam on the Zambezi River, which forms the border between the two countries. Completed in 1960 under the now defunct Central African Federation, Kariba supplies both Zambia and Rhodesia with power, ties them together like sullen Siamese twins. For two weeks Kaunda has demanded that Britain at least send troops to "neutralize" the Kariba power station on the Rhodesian side of the river, arguing that Smith's soldiers would not fire on Britons if they marched across the dam. Harold Wilson is not so sure.

Instead, he offered to send a token force—a squadron of R.A.F. fighters and a battalion of the Royal Scots—to the copper belt, some 250 miles north of the dam. Kaunda accepted the air protection (Zambia has only ten military aircraft of its own), but rejected the offer of troops unless they were sent directly to the dam. Into the copper-belt center of Ndola at week's end swooped ten British Javelin jet fighters, accompanied by big-bellied Argosy and Beverley transports carrying the squadron's maintenance supplies. A brace of Britannia turboprop transports arrived at Lusaka itself. To the south, Smith was sardonically amused. "It is in our interest to have law and order maintained in Zambia," he deadpanned in a television interview.

Outlawed Stamp. Not quite so funny were the new economic sanctions that Wilson slapped on Rhodesia. In addition to the embargo on Rhodesian tobacco and sugar (the nation's major crops), Britain also banned imports of asbestos (a \$30 million export item last year), copper, lithium, chrome, iron,

steel and meat. That made the embargo 95% complete. Simultaneously, Wilson ordered a halt to interest payments, dividends and pensions from Britain to Rhodesian residents, thus damming a flow of income that totaled some \$25 million last year. He even outlawed Rhodesia's bright new independence postal stamp as British postage. If Smith was scared, he wasn't showing it: with rich, like-minded South Africa backing him up, he was counting on shifting Rhodesia's trade to the south, thus easing the sting of the British embargo.

JAPAN

The Growing Defense Force

No nation in Asia has more need for military defenses and more trouble building them than Japan. Face to face with Communist China, it is hamstrung by a U.S.-imposed constitution that is the first in the world to "renounce war as a sovereign right and the threat or use of force as means of settling international disputes." It is also the homeland of as vigorous and noisy a group of antimilitarists as exists anywhere in the world. Still, very silently, Japan began to build a "national police reserve" in 1950, which with American aid has grown quietly but quickly into a compact and highly competent organization now known as the Self Defense Forces.

Last week 11,400 Japanese soldiers, sailors and airmen went out on maneuvers near Osaka, swarming over the bleak dunes of Gobo beach in a meticulously timed amphibious landing that would have done credit to U.S. marines. Nobody shouted "banzai", and not a single eye blazed with a desire to die for the Emperor. The most warlike cries came from local Communists demonstrating against the maneuvers.

Skirmish-Line Flowers. Altogether, Japan's tight little military machine includes an army of 171,500 men in 13 divisions, with 870 tanks, 3,700 artillery pieces ranging from mortars to 155-mm. howitzers, 110 helicopters, two batteries of high-reaching Hawk anti-aircraft missiles and one of obsolescent Nike-Ajax missiles. The air force, with 39,553 men, flies all-weather interceptors and maintains a tight control-

and-warning system that covers the four major Japanese islands. The navy—once the pride of Japan—has only 55 destroyers and frigates, seven subs and a handful of minesweepers and torpedo boats. But its 34,963 men are still the cream of a seagoing crop, and recently Japan began building its own destroyers—rakish, clipper-bowed vessels armed with American Tartar and Asroc missiles that combine the sleekness of Japanese naval design with the accuracy of U.S. weapons systems.

Japan's military men have played it very cozily indeed. For many years few dared to wear their uniforms off base. Even when they pitch in for disaster-relief duty—as they did during last year's typhoon season and in earthquakes and floods before that—they are often sneered at and derided. The old samurai tradition of Japanese militarism has been purged—or has at least gone underground. No longer do army recruits sing the old *gunka* (war songs) that praise "cherry blossoms the color of shrimp" and demand that a soldier "die as the flowers of the skirmish line." A sanitized marching song now proclaims: "Even the smallest tree under the blue sky / Has the freedom to grow."

Swords of Bamboo. But Japanese soldiers still practice *kendo*—the art of swordsmanship—even though no swords are permitted in military services. They use traditional bamboo staves. And a division recruited near Sendai has been lectured by its officers about its predecessor: the tough Imperial 2nd Division that killed 2,200 in the battle for Guadalcanal's Henderson Field. Fully 14% of the officer corps are veterans of the Pacific war, including Army Chief of Staff Yoshifusa Amano, 55, who served the Imperial army in China, Indochina and the Northern Pacific. "Fortunately, the climate toward the forces is getting better," said Amano last week. "People are just now beginning to get over the hangover from the war's defeat."

That's the hope as well of Self Defense Forces Director Raizo Matsuno, 48, a lean, grey-haired ex-naval officer and protégé of Premier Eisaku Sato. As the man charged with Japan's immediate security decisions, Matsuno

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CHRYSLER

Illustrated above is the 1974 Chrysler Newport.

Other models include the 1974 Chrysler Newport, Chrysler Newport, Chrysler Newport, Chrysler Newport.

would like to upgrade Japanese defense spending from 1.3% of the gross national product to 2% (the U.S. spends nearly 9% of its G.N.P. on defense). That would amount to \$1.1 billion and greatly increase both the matériel and the mobility of the armed forces. Matsuno's bill is currently before the Diet, and it has Premier Sato's wholehearted backing. "The policy of Communist China denies peaceful coexistence," Sato said recently in rebuttal to defense critics. "It is a threat enough without being armed with nuclear weapons. With them, China's threat to Japanese security is real."

SOUTH KOREA

Confucius' Outcasts

At six, she followed her Korean mother to a ramshackle bar and discovered that her mother was for sale to U.S. servicemen. On the way home, alone, the little girl had an even more traumatic experience: a man lured her into an alley and assaulted her. At eight, she learned why classmates jeered "half-caste!" at her: her father had been a white G.I. At 16, she was a full-fledged prostitute working among American soldiers who liked her slim Occidental legs and ample breasts.

Now, at 19, after six abortions and uncounted liaisons with every variety of G.I., Annie Park is the most-talked-about girl in South Korea. With the help of a ghostwriter, she has published a bestselling autobiography that at last forces Koreans to think about something they would rather forget—the problem of illegitimate half-castes.

There are an estimated 20,000 half-caste children in Korea; 500 to 600 more are born each year. Sadly, even in their homeland, they are displaced persons from birth. Under the Confucian concept of tightly knit families, Korea's half-castes are considered outcasts. And the mixed-blood children remind many Koreans of the shame of widespread prostitution and of the subservient role Koreans have often had to play to the bigger and richer G.I.'s.

My Forsaken Star has been serialized in newspapers. Work began last week on a movie based on the book, and a television series is planned. But Koreans seem to savor the book more for its lurid details of commercial love than for the insights it gives into the plight of half-castes.

Some U.S. welfare groups have actually come to grips with the half-caste problem. In the past ten years, 5,670 mixed-blood children have been adopted by families in the U.S. through such groups as the Holt Adoption Program, the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the Child Placement Service. But the vast majority of these children are the offspring of white G.I.s. Finding foster parents for Negro-fathered children is much harder. With that in mind, the Pearl S. Buck Foundation began operating in Korea just last month. Its initial hopes are modest: to

provide funds directly to mothers of Negro-Korean children so that the little lost half-castes will have at least some chance of growing up with enough food to eat in homes of their own.

THE SUDAN

Terror Down South

"Allah laughed when he created the Sudan," goes one Arab proverb. "Allah wept when he created the Sudan," goes another. Versions differ almost as diametrically about just what is going on today in the three swampy, southern-most provinces of Africa's largest country. For the past six months, the region has been the scene of bloody uprisings among its 4,000,000 Negro tribesmen against their Arab rulers from the North. The Sudan's Prime Minister, moderate Mohammed Ahmed Mahgoub, announced in Khartoum last week that "the situation is much improved. The rebels will be crushed by the end of this year." From their hideout in neighboring Uganda, rebel leaders proclaimed that "apart from the military and some merchants, we have cleared the Arabs from the South."

The truth lies somewhere in between. Some 15,000 Arab troops effectively dominate the Upper Nile and Bahr el Ghazal provinces, restraining rebel terrorism there to what amounts to pinpricks. Control of the southernmost province of Equatoria (lat. 5° N.), however, rides a seesaw. A Mau Mauist organization known as *Anyi Nya* (Scorpion), armed with Communist machine guns smuggled in originally for Congolese Simbas and reinforced by fugitive Simbas, ambushes Arab patrols, murders suspected Arab sympathizers, and spreads havoc through most of the countryside. Last week the rebels announced that they had attacked a river steamer at Tawfiga and destroyed a company of government troops.

The Arabs command some towns in Equatoria and take reprisals among Negro tribesmen at large either by shooting them, flogging them, tying them up with bags of red pepper around their eyes, or burning their huts. Some 100,000 refugees have crossed the border into Uganda, and more may move soon. Prime Minister Mahgoub says his government is still committed to "a peaceful solution within the framework of a unified Sudan." *Anyi Nya* leaders in Kampala interpret this to mean a new government offensive as soon as the rainy season ends.

FRANCE

Under the Rhubarb Plant

Nowhere is the book-judging business so enterprising as in France. Each year a solemnitude of juries bestows some 800 awards on every sort of *oeuvre*, ranging from the Prix Littéraire du Football for the best book about soccer to the Prix des Volcans for the warmest tribute to the hot springs of Auvergne.

Most popular excitement, however, is generated by the top three or four prizes for novels—which are presented to previously unrecognized writers, by a curious coincidence, during the six busy weeks before Christmas. The likeliest winners are the talk of Paris for weeks beforehand, newspapers publish tip sheets, breathless radio bulletins announce the event—and the books themselves sell anywhere from 50,000 to 500,000 copies, making them runaway bestsellers in France.

Biggest sale booster is the Prix Goncourt, oldest and most prestigious prize of all. This year it was won by Jacques Borel, 40, a Paris high school English teacher and translator of James Joyce. His novel, *L'Adoration*, was described by critics as somewhat Joycean in tone



PRIZEWINNER PILHES

Except to seduce Stepmother.

and weight—604 pages of stream of consciousness about a boy's love for his mother. Cracked *Paris Match*: "Other things being equal, it is often the most ponderous tome that wins." At \$5.60 a copy, *L'Adoration* could earn its author the equivalent of four Nobel Prizes in royalties.

Non-winners of the Goncourt have long maintained that the ten aging members of the 62-year-old Goncourt Academy, who are elected for life, are overly conservative. The juries awarding the three next most prestigious prizes try to be more avant-garde: witness, for example, this year's winner of the Prix Renaudot—a little *nouveau roman* called *Les Choses* (The Things). For 120 pages, it discusses the possessions of a young married couple. Explains Author Georges Pérec, 29, an ex-parachutist, sociologist and amateur astrologer: "It brings something new, a necessary character, a quality which is anchored in our times."

So, apparently, does *La Rhubarbe*, by René-Victor Pilhes, 31, an advertising copywriter who won the Prix Médicis. In *La Rhubarbe*, the hero spends

most of the book meditating under a rhubarb plant in his grandmother's garden, leaving it only long enough to seduce his stepmother. And the Prix Fémina winner, *Quelqu'un (Someone)*, by Robert Pinget, 46, concerns a nameless man who spends one day and 257 pages searching his house for a piece of paper. "One cannot say this is a bad book," wrote the weekly *Arts*, warily, "but at the end of this 'longest day,' the reader asks whether it was necessary to deploy such energy for so little profit?"

POLAND

Welcome, Unrehearsed

The Warsaw press never mentioned the new U.S. ambassador's time of arrival, and only a bundled-up group of U.S. embassy staffers and Poland's deputy protocol officer waited amid piles of dirty snow on the station platform. But by the time John A. Gronouski, 46, stepped from the Chopin Express in Warsaw last week, more than 1,000 Poles in the station had figured out who was among them.

They gave Gronouski a tumultuous, spur-of-the-moment reception. "Our hearts are with you!" shouted a woman. "We wish you fruitful work!" cried another voice from the crowd. As a class of grade-school children swarmed around him, the gathering sang chorus after chorus of *So Lat (100 Years)*, a sort of Polish version of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. Gronouski responded in halting Polish: "It is hard for me to express how pleased I am to be able to work in this country, which is so dear to me as it is to millions of Americans of Polish origin."

The grandson of a Polish immigrant, Gronouski became the first Polish-American to achieve Cabinet rank when he was appointed Postmaster General under Kennedy and Johnson. Given a chance, he could use his standing in Washington and his authentic Polish roots to break the current deep chill in

Polish-U.S. relations. That could be accomplished easily enough, if the Polish people had anything to say about Poland's policies. As earlier visits by Richard Nixon and Bobby Kennedy showed, the Poles retain an irrepressible affection for the U.S.

Party Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka's regime is another story. After a few years of relative friendliness in the mid-50s, Gomulka has become increasingly hostile, now angrily denounces the U.S. for "barbarous bombing raids" on North Viet Nam. He also accused the U.S. of seeking to give West Germans an independent nuclear strike force. About the only subject that Gronouski is likely to find Gomulka & Co. agreeable on is food. The U.S. has sold more than \$525 million in foodstuff to Poland since 1957; the Poles need more, and it will be up to Gronouski to negotiate the deal for new sales.

Service in Warsaw carries an added responsibility. For the past ten years the U.S. ambassador there has met for no less than 127 conferences with his Red Chinese counterpart. Gronouski's predecessor, John Cabot (who moved on as deputy commandant of the National War College in Washington), met 20 times with the Chinese, delivering fruitless warnings to Peking to stay out of India and Viet Nam. Now it is the former Postmaster General's Sisyphean job to deliver the messages.

SPAIN

Return of the Bullion Billion

For the first time in 75 years of Western Hemisphere conferences, a Spanish delegate rose to speak. Spain's Ambassador to Brazil, Jaime Alba, told the twelve-day-old Organization of American States meeting in Rio: "We have always fraternally shared your sorrows and your hopes." Then he added: "The Spanish government has particular interest in making known to this conference its intention to make available over the next ten years credits of up to \$1 billion." The announcement caused a sensation easily equaling the response to Dean Rusk's statement the week before that the U.S. would continue its Alliance for Progress contributions now running at a rate of \$650 million a year. Alba got thunderous applause, and the delegates passed a "vote of appreciation" by a margin of 18 to 0, with only Mexico abstaining.

Brutal Comeuppance. The offer and its reception marked a significant turning point in the long and hitherto stormy history of Spain's relations with her former colonies. Between 1503 and 1660 Spanish galleons shipped about \$1 billion worth of gold and silver bullion from the New World, while conquistadors slaughtered or enslaved thousands of Indians. Spain's comeuppance was just as brutal: in 15 short years under leaders like Simón Bolívar, José de San Martín and Bernardo O'Higgins, the American colonies threw off Spanish dominance and established their inde-



LATIN AMERICAN STUDENTS IN MADRID
They speak the same language.

pendence. Unlike Britain, Spain found no new worlds to conquer. The final humiliating ejection from Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines by the U.S. in 1898 sank Spain into doldrums of defeatism and economic stagnation that lasted for a generation.

The Spanish Civil War did not improve relations with Latin America since many exiled Republicans found refuge there. Only in the past decade have bitter memories faded. Latin Americans have once more become aware of what they share with their mother country: literature, music, food, customs, religion, sports from bullfighting to *fútbol* and, since Spain is only now industrializing, many of the same economic problems. Says a Spanish consulting engineer with many contracts in Latin America: "There's no doubt the Spanish businessman in South America is being looked at in an entirely new light. We've had to come up with solutions with only limited means, so we're close to similar local problems. And, after all, we speak the same language."

Swelling Demand. Until now, Spain's attempts to rebuild its burned bridges have been largely cultural: Madrid assists 55 Hispanic Cultural Institutes and 29 other centers overseas, provides grants for 1,500 of the 15,500 Latin Americans now studying in Spain. Last March Spain agreed to provide \$20 million for Latin American projects financed through the Inter-American Development Bank. But loans under the new credit program may be arranged directly with individual countries since they will be used to pay for the purchase of Spanish trucks, industrial machinery and other manufactures. Owing to a swelling demand for imports, Spain is heading for a \$200 million balance-of-payments deficit in 1965 and must find export markets for her growing factory output. Explains Laureano López Rodó, 44, Franco's top economic planner: "Credits are a means of selling, and since our fundamental problem now is our export problem, I believe we should try to put ourselves in a competitive position."



GRONOUSKI ARRIVING IN WARSAW
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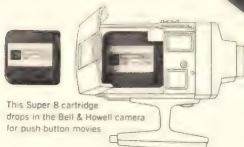
For instance, we don't buy lenses and try to fit them to our cameras the way other manufacturers often do. We grind our own, to space-age computer specifications. And we coat our lenses two ways. One would do. Two give you the truest,

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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Exodus by Air

Almost 1,000 Cuban exiles milled anxiously about the lobby and observation platforms of Miami's International Airport. "Do you have someone coming over?" one Cuban asked another. The man crossed his fingers. "We wait. We hope. We pray," he said.

At 1:59 p.m., the waiting, the hoping, the praying was ended for a fortunate few in the crowd. A Pan American DC-7 taxied up the ramp after a 60-minute hop from the onetime Cuban resort town of Varadero, carrying the first plane load of refugees to leave Cuba under last month's air-evacuation

agreement. A Havana clinic worker. "Anything that becomes useless remains useless." Supplies of clothing, shoes, medicine, meat are diminishing. Even coffee is declining; production this year will be only 25,000 tons, nearly 40% less than the pre-Castro average. What there is fetches a handsome price on a black market that is growing so big that Castro himself recently fumed: "There are some officials who use their own government vehicles to carry their pounds—little pounds or big pounds—of black market coffee." Sugar may end up 500,000 tons under last year's 6,000,000-ton crop. In a desperate effort to get needed foreign exchange, Castro has launched Cuba's sugar har-

ginia, Virginia and Colorado. To start them off, the U.S. gave each refugee traveling alone and going beyond Miami a \$60 grubstake, and each family \$100.

This week Pan American, which will rotate the shuttle with six other airlines, plans to add a second daily flight, raising the traffic to 3,000 or 4,000 refugees a month. More than 150,000 are expected to take up Castro's offer.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Trouble for Bosch

Lofely declaring that "my party calls me," exiled President Juan Bosch returned to Santo Domingo from Puerto Rico two months ago to start what looked like a presidential campaign—though he insisted that he would not be a candidate. He claimed he would "channel the capacity of the people," and huddled with old political cronies. At one huge rally organized by his Dominican Revolutionary Party (P.R.D.) he demanded the withdrawal of OAS peace-keeping troops, even said the U.S. should pay \$1 billion "indemnity" for its part in the OAS intervention.* For all the nationalistic talk, many Dominicans regard Bosch's belated reappearance—after more than 3,000 had died following the April coup in his name—as something less than a hero's return. Now, with presidential elections set for next June 1, Noncandidate Bosch is fighting a battle within his own party.

At a closed-door session in Santo Domingo last week, Bosch's P.R.D. hierarchy expelled its No. 2 man, Angel Miolán, 50, party co-founder and the grass-roots organizer who helped make it the country's most important political organization. Trouble between Bosch and Miolán dates back to 1962. Shortly after he was inaugurated President, Bosch began ignoring Miolán and started undercutting the party organization in favor of playing messiah to everyone, including the extreme left. When Bosch was ousted by the Dominican army in 1963 and both men took asylum in Puerto Rico, the split grew wider. After the April civil war erupted, Miolán publicly called for intervention to "prevent the genocide of the defenseless population of our capital," and later he launched an anti-Bosch whisper campaign throughout the country.

At their Santo Domingo meeting, the P.R.D. faithful charged that Miolán had falsely accused Bosch of collaborating with Communists to trigger the revolt. Though Miolán was not present to defend himself, they summarily read him out of the ranks. Having him go

* Conveniently ignoring the fact that the U.S. has pumped in \$64 million to keep the country's economy alive since the rebellion eight months ago, and last week was planning to contribute up to \$50 million more to help it through next year.



FIRST PLANELOAD OF REFUGEES ARRIVING IN MIAMI

"We wait. We hope. We pray."

agreement. Aboard were 75 passengers—15 men, 31 women, 29 children. Before the week was out, another 187 had been flown over to join the 5,000 Cubans who journeyed across by sea in the two months since Castro suddenly decided to let his people go. "If you've got some good music on the radio," beamed one old man, "I could dance right here."

Block Markets. There are no rich left in Cuba, and hardly any middle class. The refugees were almost all poor: spouses and parents, brothers and sisters of those already in exile, and thus marked as *gusanos* (or worms), with all the hardship that brings in Cuba. They were fishermen, seamstresses, stevedores, carpenters.

Their stories of Communist repression were no more or less chilling than all the others coming out of Cuba. What was interesting was the talk of growing shortages, as Castro's grey little island sinks deeper into economic chaos. "Anything that breaks remains broken," said

vest two full months ahead of normal.

Freedom House. Castro is treating outgoing refugees with disdain. Many were notified of their departure at 1 or 2 a.m., given only an hour to round up a few belongings while militiamen took inventory of their homes, then were bundled into a bus for the trip to Varadero. They were allowed 44 lbs. of luggage; everything else belonged to the state. "I didn't bring anything with me," said one woman. "I was afraid they wouldn't allow me on the plane."

The U.S. picked up the full air tab—\$8 per person. Refugees settling in Miami were processed and on their way home with relatives a few hours after their arrival; those locating elsewhere stopped over in "Freedom House" at Miami's International Airport, where barracks and mess halls were set up. Within 48 hours after their arrival, 54 of the first 75 refugees were on their way to Illinois, New York, California, Massachusetts, New Jersey, West Vir-



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quietly may not be that simple. Said Miolán: "The P.R.D. is my home. I will go on defending its right to fight, through the vote, to establish a state of law in our country."

BRAZIL

Running Things His Way

"Democratic renovation" is what revolutionary President Humberto Castello Branco calls his program for Brazil. To get the job done, in a country plagued by inflation, corruption and ineptitude after years of freewheeling politics, Castello Branco has assumed near-dictatorial powers while maintaining his devotion to constitutional democracy. Inevitably, his efforts have pleased no one—neither the moderates and leftists, who complain about his muffling of politics, nor the military's *linha dura* (hard line), which scoffs at his loyalty to democracy. In a series of swift strokes over the past fortnight, Castello Branco struck back—not hard enough to do anyone real damage, but forcefully enough to put the country on notice that he intends to run things his way.

Shut Up. The first stroke went left, when 100 "intellectuals," mostly students and writers, staged a noisy demonstration at the OAS foreign ministers' conference in Rio. Waving banners proclaiming "Down with dictatorship! Up with democracy!", they put on an unpleasant little scene just as Castello Branco drove up to open the conference at the Hotel Gloria. Nine of the leaders were clapped in jail for illegally demonstrating against the government. Last week, the conference over, they were released, and their supporters, who were planning a protest rally, were left with nothing to protest.

A more dangerous challenge came from the hard-line military officers who hacked the coup against leftist President João Goulart 20 months ago. They took bitter issue with the President's determination to honor the results of the October gubernatorial elections in eleven states—including Guanabara (Rio), where the surprise winner was an old-time politician whom the military has been grilling about Communist ties. Castello Branco reacted by shutting down a far-rightist military group known as LIDER, then bolstered his strength at the First Army's huge base outside Rio by putting one of his most loyal generals in charge. With that, the President cleared the way for the installation of the eleven new governors this week.

Pay Up. Meanwhile, Castello Branco is pursuing other quarry. It has long been a casual tradition among moneyed Brazilians to ignore income taxes or report only a fraction of their true earnings. Last year only 150,000 Brazilians bothered to file returns at all. Last week investigators were probing the 100 biggest evaders, whose declarations have been "out of line with ostensible evidences of wealth." They face jail sentences of up to two years.

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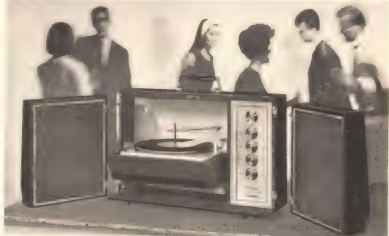
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PEOPLE

After the weekly Cabinet meeting, French Premier **Georges Pompidou**, 54, took over as *le boss* of the new *Haut Comité pour la Défense et l'Expansion de la Langue Française*, formed to ferret out all the linguistic "degradation and corruption" of *franglais* in the land where *tous les types* enjoy *le shopping* at *le drugstore*, having a *whisky-soda* or *gin and tonic* served by *le barman* while they watch the *playboys* with *sex appeal* in *smokings* (tuxes) stroll by on their way to *le dancing* or *le striptease*. Ah, M. Pompidou. *Hélas, quel job!*

Already swarming with familiar names, the Soviet fourth estate had another: **Anatoly Andreovich Gromyko**, 34, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's son, who abandoned a bright diplomatic career as Russia's embassy counselor in London to become deputy department chief of the Soviet press agency Novosti. Now he'll be reporting what Daddy and his friends do from the same building on Moscow's Pushkin Square where Leonid Brezhnev's daughter Galina does her corresponding. Presumably they both will scoop Julia Petrova, a Novosti reporter whose grandfather, Nikita Khrushchev, is not a very good news source any more.

On the 91st anniversary of his birth, a sheaf of chrysanthemums with a card "From Clemmie" was laid on the grave of Sir Winston Churchill in St. Martin's churchyard in Bladon, not far from Blenheim Palace, where he was born.

Comic Peter Sellers took a few shots of Actor **Peter O'Toole**, 32, mugging around with the gloves on in Paris, where O'Toole was filming *How to Steal a Million Dollars and Live Happily Ever After*. Peter was still admiring that picture of himself a few weeks later when



PETER O'TOOLE
All forgiven.

Count Philippe de La Fayette invited the pug over to his table at a Paris bistro because "I had found him so charming and cultivated at a dinner we had attended together." The charming Irishman floored La Fayette with a couple of well-oiled punches, sending him to the hospital for three days to have his gashed lip and chin patched up. Peter finally apologized for the "disagreeable incident." The count nobly agreed that "the whole thing should be forgiven as an affair between gentlemen," although "of course our lawyers are still conferring" about damages.

In World War II they had a long-stemmed favorite named Betty Grable. In Korea it was Marilyn Monroe, and now the pinup winner in Viet Nam is



ELKE SOMMER
All warmed.

German Actress **Elke Sommer**. But Elke sighed that the whole thing left her a little cold. "I'm very happy that I'm keeping up their morale," said she, but posing for that kind of stuff "makes you feel so silly." Well then, didn't she feel downright ridiculous about that nude layout in *Playboy* last year when they showed her doing a striptease? Oh, that. "They kept asking me to pose, and the answer was always no. They went ahead anyway, using scenes from pictures I had made in Europe five years before. What makes me so darned mad is that today I have a much better figure."

It was perfect typecasting, but Gordonstoun School's English master insisted that the lad got the part only because he did so well as the Duke of Exeter in last July's production of *Henry V*. Anyway, Britain's **Prince Charles**,

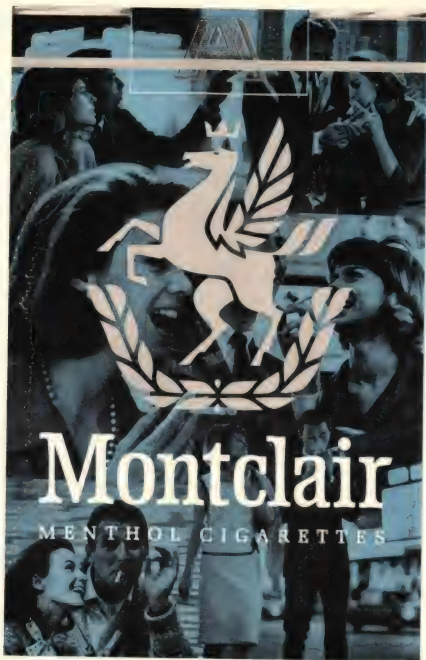


PRINCE CHARLES
All hailed.

17, did get a much better part than his father, who had to settle for Donalbain in Gordonstoun's 1935 production of *Macbeth*. Everyone agreed that Charles played the lead as if he were born for it, never muffed his lines, and, as Headmaster Robert Chew said, "mastered a great variety of moods." With Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip in the audience, the only line that drew a titter in the tragedy came when the Third Witch of the all-boy trio croaked: "All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be King hereafter!"

The fifth anniversary of the night *Camelot* opened at Broadway's Majestic Theater was also the fifth anniversary of the night when Composer **Fredrick Loewe**, 61, abdicated, ending the long, rich collaboration (*My Fair Lady*, *Brigadoon*) with Librettist Alan Jay Lerner. "Someone asked if I was retiring," remembered Fritz, now ensconced in his private Palm Springs, Calif., palace with automatic waterfall, goldfish pond and year-round roses. "No," I said, "I'm simply not going to work anymore!" He hasn't. Now Loewe just dips into his royalties to laze around Palm Springs and spends the summers on the Mediterranean. Asked if he would ever go back to composing, Fritz winked: "Why should I?"

Ill lay: **Pablo Picasso**, 84, "recovering perfectly" after he secretly entered Paris' American Hospital last month for a gall-bladder operation; Mexico's ex-President **Adolfo López Mateos**, 55, recuperating in Mexico City's Santa Fe Hospital after a four-hour operation to relieve a cranial aneurysm; Mrs. **Barry Goldwater**, 54, in St. Joseph's Hospital, Phoenix, Ariz., for a hysterectomy and removal of a nonmalignant tumor; Mrs. **William Miller**, 42, wife of Barry's 1964 running mate, in Buffalo's Meyer Memorial Hospital with a head concussion and bruises suffered in a two-car collision in Amherst, N.Y.



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EDUCATION



NEW ALBANY CAMPUS
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UNIVERSITIES

Upstart U

On 640 rolling wooded acres near Stony Brook on New York's suburban Long Island, a team of well-paid and highly ambitious educators are creating a university so fast that they audaciously call it "Instant Caltech." At three other sites in New York, similar "university centers" are rising with similar speed, and "the day is not far off"—in the cool claim of Stony Brook President John Sampson Toll—"when the State University of New York will have surpassed that of California. We are young, flexible. By comparison, they are old, too bound up with politics, too intransigent."

Such aspiration characterizes the urgency with which New York is belatedly creating a system of public higher education. The university was founded in 1948 by loosely grouping a motley assortment of former teachers colleges, agricultural institutes and specialized schools into a poorly financed system. It only really got cracking five years ago. Then the legislature, long content to let such top-rate private schools as Columbia, Cornell, N.Y.U., Colgate, Syracuse, Rochester, Vassar and Sarah Lawrence supply the state's higher education, began pumping more money into the state system. Today it has 107,000 students, imaginative leaders, great teachers and plenty of money.

Constitutional Quirk. Since 1960, Governor Rockefeller has produced a fat \$1 billion in building funds by turning to an unorthodox but effective device: a State Dormitory Authority and State University Construction Fund, which by a constitutional quirk can issue bonds without voter approval. The inspiration behind the university's new quest for quality is New York-born Samuel B. Gould, once president of Ohio's

progressive Antioch College and later chancellor of the University of California's Santa Barbara branch. He became S.U.N.Y. president in 1964, after the post had gone begging for nearly two years, and extracted a commitment of administrative autonomy from the university trustees.

The system now consists of 58 units spread all over the state (see map), including ten state colleges, 28 two-year community colleges and four colleges operated for the state by Cornell in agriculture, veterinary medicine, home economics, industrial and labor relations. Rockefeller has even suggested that S.U.N.Y. might build colleges in each New York City borough, though this would overlap the city-owned City University of New York (presently racked with dissension over finance).

Glories-in-the-Making. The colleges, however, are only the infrastructure of the system; its glories-in-the-making are the university centers, each with its own specific strengths:

- **STONY BROOK**, located within 30 miles of famed Brookhaven National Laboratories, is the most exciting campus in the system. So new that the ivy is only about six inches up the red brick walls, it expects to challenge any university in physics research within a few years. Its \$30,000-a-year President Toll is a theoretical physicist from the University of Maryland; his reputation—plus a \$45,000-a-year salary—recently lured Nobel Physicist C. N. Yang to Stony Brook to head an Institute of Theoretical Physics that will have a \$2,700,000 nuclear

lab. Toll, who has also captured English Scholars Alfred Kazin and Peter Alexander, expects all his big-name professors to teach undergrads and all his researchers to apply their research to their teaching. He is applying Pentagon-style systems analysis to his educational goals, is trying programmed teaching by computer in basic physics and German. He accents interdisciplinary studies, looks forward to a planned integrated medical center with a 300-bed teaching hospital and a 1,000-bed Veterans Administration hospital. His chromium spade for ground-breaking ceremonies will soon be worn thin: 15 big buildings are already up, and 31 more are to be completed within two years.

- **ALBANY** is a \$100 million show-place campus going up on the 350-acre site of a former country club. Architect Edward Durrell Stone has designed four 23-story dormitory towers, each overlooking its own one-story "academic podium" containing classrooms, labs, student lounge and auditorium. The quad system is supposed to let Albany handle its planned 7,500 students, yet retain a collegiate atmosphere. The school—which evolved from a 121-year-old teachers college—is strongest in its community-service-oriented graduate schools of public affairs, social welfare and criminal justice.

- **BINGHAMTON** is the only university unit devoted entirely to liberal arts. It is building on the scholarly fame of its incorporated Harpur College, which in turn had been created by Syracuse University to handle the G.I. Bill student



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surge. More than three-fourths of Binghamton's students come from the top 10% of their high-school classes. The school has an enthusiastic new president in former University of Delaware Arts and Science Dean Bruce Dearing. "It's exciting to be somewhere that's growing rather than just tending the shop where someone else had all the fun," he says.

• **BUFFALO**, the biggest unit in the system, has 11,000 students. It grew out of the underfinanced private University of Buffalo, still occupies that school's overcrowded 178-acre campus in North Buffalo, but will move to a \$131 million, 1,000-acre campus designed to handle 27,500 students. Buffalo's School of Pharmacy leads the nation in pharmaceutical research expenditures. Its School of Medicine has performed spectacular research in studying ways to enable dogs to breathe water, and the med school's Dr. Robert Guthrie is the developer of a simple test to spot brain-crippling phenylketonuria (PKU) in infants. Foundation grants have allowed Buffalo to snare Nobel Laureate Willard F. Libby and Physicist Edward Teller as visiting professors. Critic Leslie Fiedler teaches in the English department. S.U.N.Y.'s only law school is at Buffalo.

Sam Gould predicts a bright future for his sprawling institution and for public higher education in New York. "It used to be thought," he says, "that anyone who had any ability ought to go to private colleges and the remainder ought to go to the state schools. Today this is a very dangerous and even vicious thing to say. By 1985, 80% of the state's college kids will be in public institutions. We'll have difficulties—but whether I do it or someone else does it. I know how it's going to come out. This is going to be a great university."

Pennsylvania Accent

Unlike New York, Pennsylvania has no state university, yet its pattern of higher education is also shifting. Last week Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton signed a bill making Philadelphia's 82-year-old Temple University, the nation's largest private university after N.Y.U., into a "state-related" university after the pattern of Penn State. In return for state funds, Temple will admit a minority of state-appointed trustees to its otherwise private board and accept Pennsylvania students at relatively low tuition rates.

The shift speeds Pennsylvania's trend toward state help for private universities rather than construction of new ones. Even such basically private universities as the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Pittsburgh receive substantial amounts of state aid. Financially floundering Pitt is studying whether it should go the route of Temple. The outcome may hinge on a master plan for the state's system of higher education (which also includes 14 state colleges), scheduled to be drawn up by the Pennsylvania Council on Higher Education next year.

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MUSIC

FOLK SINGERS

Solitary Indian

She is a little girl lost behind a battered big-bellied guitar. Her dusky face, framed by a cascade of raven hair that spills across her shoulders and down to her waist, seems frozen in mournful repose. In a throaty voice edged with anguish, she sings some of the unluckiest lyrics ever heard in a nightclub:

*But where in the history books is the tale
Of genocide basic to this country's birth.*

*Of the preachers who lied,
How the Bill of Rights failed?*

FREDERICK A. REYER



BUFFY SAINT-MARIE AT THE MAIN POINT
"I hope you're offended."

Then, with a shy hint of a smile, she says to the audience: "I hope you're offended."

They are not; they are captivated. All week long, listeners packed into the Main Point coffeehouse in Bryn Mawr, Pa., to hear Folk Singer Buffy Sainte-Marie. In a trade plagued by imitators studiously imitating each other, Buffy Sainte-Marie is uniquely herself. To begin with, she is a full-blooded Cree Indian. As such, she grew up a moody loner in a white man's world, she took lessons from no one, listened to no records, has had little truck with the chummy folk fraternity. She writes her own songs, and at 23 she is the most intriguing young folk singer to emerge in many a moon.

Up the Spine. Buffy's protest songs are strictly personal. She is not interested in Viet Nam or the Bomb, but in Uncle Sam's treatment of the Indian. But protest is not her only pitch, and she has other things on her mind that any non-Indian can share. What fires her songs with feeling is the peculiarly husky timbre and flexibility of her voice. She can purr, she can belt, she can shade

her voice with an eerie tremble that crawls up the listener's spine. Unlike the pure, mountain-spring soprano of Joan Baez and her disciples, Buffy's lowdown treatment is aged in brine; her repertoire more varied. In *Until It's Time for You to Go* she is a tender young thing reflecting on affairs of the heart. In *Cudine*, which she wrote after a harrowing bout with the drug while being treated for bronchitis, she is an aged harpie whining: "My belly's cravin', I've got a shakin' in my head."

Orphaned as a baby, she was adopted by a Micmac Indian couple—a mechanic and his proofreader wife—and raised in Wakefield, Mass. Her summers were spent in a trailer on the shores of Sebago Lake, Me. It was there as a teen-ager, wandering alone through the forest, that she began to compose. She taught herself to play the guitar "all backwards," inventing her own finger patterns and "32 different tunings, which account for the strange flavor of my music." With the aid of a Government loan, she entered the University of Massachusetts, studied Oriental philosophy and elementary education. An honor student, she graduated in 1963 and went to Manhattan, sat in on a hootenanny at a Greenwich Village folk den, was immediately offered a recording contract and nightclub dates.

Long Chill. Buffy now commands up to \$2,500 a concert and hopes "to help correct the image of the Indian as someone who is chased across the movie screen or sits in his rocking chair watching his oil wells." She frequently visits the Pyepoint Indian Reserve, home of her tribe in Saskatchewan, Canada, recently returned from a four-month "recuperative leave" on an island off the coast of Spain, where she finished a concerto for guitar and orchestra and worked on an opera.

Now she is readying herself for the rigors of a long winter's tour—and the chill of discrimination. "Some people don't like girls whose eyes slant and whose skin is different looking," she says resignedly, "but I just wish they would kick me out of their hotels before I've unpacked my bags."

DANCE

The High & the Mighty

For a company bristling with restless energy, the Royal Danish Ballet is a stick in the mud when it comes to traveling abroad. In the 20 years since the end of World War II, it has visited the U.S. but four times. But when the Danes do come, it is an event that brings balletomanes flocking. In Manhattan last week, they broke all box-office records at the New York State Theater, grossed more than any other stage show on or off Broadway.

Part of their unique appeal is that among the Royal Danes, the male

dancers are the stars. Last week they had on display a veteran at the peak of his powers and a young contender just coming into his own.

The veteran is the greatest Dane of them all, Erik Bruhn, who at 37 is the supreme *dansur noble*. The finest technician on two feet, his endless pursuit of classic perfection forges the kind of passionate abandon that marks the style of Rudolf Nureyev, the only other dancer in his class. Says one ballerina: "Nureyev is like Callas singing Bellini; Bruhn is like Schwarzkopf singing Mozart." But Bruhn has learned something about characterization from his friend Nureyev. As Don José in Roland Petit's version of *Carmen*, Bruhn was a man possessed, a smoldering Valentino driven by lust and racked with despair. Eyes



KEHLET AT NEW YORK STATE THEATER

"It's what you do when you're up there."

afire, nostrils flaring, he sprang about the shadowy stage with the fierce grace of a panther. But later in the week, in the *pas de deux* from Petipa's sprightly *Don Quixote*, he reverted to the cool precision of his classical discipline. His high, floating leaps were unstrained, his spins whippet-quick, his every move all fluid grace and beauty of line.

The Danish newcomer is Niels Kehlet, 27. Though he is the shortest (5 ft. 7 in.) of the male soloists, he is a man to look up to. With a flex of his coiled-spring legs, he can probably leap higher than anyone else anywhere in the world. But he has a high distaste for fame as a human jack-in-the-box. "Jumping is not an end in itself," Kehlet explains. "How you get up there and how you get back is not important. It's what you do when you're up there that counts." What he does way up there is a dazzling array of splits, scissors, heel slappings and twisting jackknives, all in keeping with the character. Earthbound, he stirs the air around him into an eddy of excitement. And always, his Puckish face is stamped with the infectious grin of a lad having a smashing good time.



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THE LAW

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

God & Courts in Maryland

Although they guaranteed to maintain religious tolerance in Maryland, the state's Roman Catholic founders also guaranteed death for anyone "who shall deny the Holy Trinity." Vestiges of that 1649 paradox have hung on ever since, involving Maryland in more church-state lawsuits than any other state in the Union. Nothing, though, quite beats the current snarl that Attorney General Thomas B. Finan calls "the gravest crisis in the administration of criminal law in my experience."

Most of the trouble can be traced to the fact that the U.S. Constitution forbids religious test oaths for any public official. Maryland's constitution does the same—but it also orders officials to declare "belief in the existence of God." In 1961, the U.S. Supreme Court unanimously upheld Maryland Notary Public Roy R. Torcaso, who refused to sign such a declaration because he was an atheist. The religious requirement, said the court, "unconstitutionally invades freedom of belief and religion."

Cynics' Escape. Despite that decision, Maryland retained the God requirement in its 98-year-old constitution, as do six other states (Arkansas, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Texas, North and South Carolina). Maryland, though, was the only state requiring jurors to swear that God holds them "morally accountable," that they will be "rewarded or punished therefore either in this world or the world to come." All this gave cynics an easy escape from jury duty. But it also denied sincere nonbelievers "equal protection of the laws."

Not until this fall did the Maryland Court of Appeals finally bow to the "inevitable result" of the 1961 *Torcaso* decision. Then it bowed with a vengeance. The court reversed the murder conviction of a Buddhist named Lidge Schowgurow, who claimed that he had been denied equal protection while on trial for killing his wife (*TIME*, Oct. 22). Since Buddhists do not believe in God, he argued that members of his faith were automatically excluded from his jury. Even though no Buddhist would-be jurors were involved, the court upheld Schowgurow and voided the "belief in God" requirement for jurors throughout the state.

Judges Too. Had the decision been made retroactive the court might well have declared that Maryland has done nothing legal in its courtrooms for 98 years. But even without retroactivity, the decision brought to a halt every current criminal case in the entire state. Did it also void every current indictment issued by grand juries that had been forced to swear their belief in God? On Oct. 21, the court said yes in the case of a 16-year-old Seventh-day Adventist charged with rape—thus tossing 3,000

cases back for reindictment, 1,000 of them for retrial as well.

Last week the court issued two more decisions—one allowing defendants to waive reindictments, thereby avoiding delay in trial, the other permitting prisoners to use the religious oath as a challenge to jury convictions that are still open to appeal. But judges, too, must declare belief in God. Are nonjury

Art. 36. That as it is the duty of every man to worship God in such manner as he thinks most acceptable to Him, all persons are equally entitled to protection in their religious liberty; wherefore, no person ought by any law to be molested in his person or estate, on account of his religious persuasion, or profession, or for his religious practice, unless, under the color of religion, he shall disturb the good order, peace or safety of the State, or shall infringe the laws of morality, or injure others in their natural civil or religious rights; nor ought any person to be compelled to frequent, or maintain, or contribute, unless on contract, to maintain, any place of worship, or any ministry; nor shall any person, otherwise competent, be deemed incompetent as a witness, or juror, on account of his religious belief; provided, he believes in the existence of God, and that under His dispensation such person will be held morally accountable for his acts, and be rewarded or punished therefore either in this world or in the world to come.

FROM MARYLAND'S CONSTITUTION



ATTORNEY GENERAL FINAN

Snarled in vestiges of a paradox.

trials before such judges also illegal? Answers to such questions are yet to come—and they are eagerly awaited by Maryland's 5,600 convicts.

Attorney General Finan, 51, wearily insists that "we have no regret over citizens resorting to the courts to resolve important constitutional questions."

LIBEL

A Needed Limit

When local right-wing extremists attacked him as a "Communist collaborator" during his campaign for the Minnesota state legislature in 1962, Sociologist Arnold M. Rose paid little attention. Neither did the voters who elected him. But when the attacks continued in a newsletter put out by Christian Research Inc., a Minneapolis outfit run by ex-Schoolteacher Gerda Koch, who says she belongs to the John Birch Society, Rose was deluged with bitter letters, unordered merchandise and anonymous, late-night phone calls. After he decided not to run for re-election and returned to teaching at the University of Minnesota in 1964, Miss Koch attacked him so often that the state legislature was moved to probe "Communists" on the campus—and Rose was moved to sue for libel.

Organization X. Although the "proof" of his Communism consisted of nothing more than that he had helped Swedish Economist Gunnar Myrdal write *An*

American Dilemma—the famous study of U.S. Negroes that was cited by the Supreme Court in its 1954 school segregation decision—Rose had a tough legal precedent to contend with. Last year, in *New York Times Co. v. Sullivan*, the Supreme Court ruled that false criticism of a public official is not libelous unless the official proves actual malice. And since the court did not define "public official," lower courts have been moving toward an inclusive definition that would cover just about anyone in

any capacity who becomes a figure in "public debate."

For the defense, Lawyer Jerome Daly argued that under the *Times* decision, Rose was a public figure both as legislator and professor. Daly declared that Rose was a member of "the Jewish usury element" which is "part of the Communist conspiracy" that is taking over Federal Reserve Banks. In her testimony, Miss Koch accused President Kennedy of "treason" for investigating disarmament and said that President Eisenhower was "engineered" into office by "them"—not Communists, exactly, but something more sinister called "Organization X."

Exaggerated Language. After 34 weeks of such rambling, which was countered by a dozen eminent witnesses who testified that Rose had no Communist connection whatever, District Court Judge Donald T. Barbeau instructed the jury that actual malice may be inferred from "exaggerated language" as well as from repeated publication after the victim's denial. More important, he ruled out the need to find actual malice after Rose left the legislature: Rose's professorship at the state university did not make him a public official. Thus advised, the jury awarded Rose \$20,000 from Gerda Koch and Christian Research Inc. "I told my friends I would stand by the truth and sing praises to the Lord no matter what," said the defendant as she promised to appeal. If

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Presenting Irish Mist's first new look in eleven centuries: The Soldier. A 19" original from colorful head to toe, he pours 23 oz. of Ireland's Legendary Liqueur®. Gift—boxed, about fifteen dollars. Your dealer stocks or can order all the Soldiers on your gift list.

she keeps her promise, she may give the Supreme Court a chance to set some needed limits on libel by clarifying what the *Times* decision meant by "public official."

LAWYERS

Prodigious Professor

Not long ago, U.S. law schools were dominated by aging scholars, experts in the traditional legalisms of writs, torts, contracts and real property. The civil rights revolution has helped to change all that. Led largely by lawyers, it has spawned a new breed of young law professors—awesome activists in the courtroom as well as the classroom. None is more awesome or more activist than Anthony G. Amsterdam of the University of Pennsylvania.

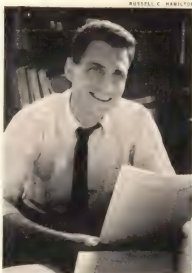
Tony Amsterdam is 30. Toiling 20 hours a day, he spends 40% of his time teaching criminal law at Penn, most of the rest traveling around the country trying civil rights cases for which he gets no fee. Last month he hit New Orleans to argue his umpteenth case before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. He next surfaced in Washington, advising the White House Conference on Civil Rights. Last week he filed another Supreme Court petition involving Negro rioters in Los Angeles.

Of necessity, Amsterdam has learned to work 72 hours without sleep. Last summer he drove across the U.S. without stopping to rest—twice. He is a part-time poet, playwright and novelist; he is equally versed in poker, tennis, two foreign languages (French, Spanish), and he has mastered the arts of advocacy from the Supreme Court to the police courts of Mississippi. "He is," says one federal judge, "the most dazzling person I have ever met in my entire life."

The tall, intense, totally organized son of a prosperous Philadelphia lawyer, Amsterdam graduated from Haverford College *summa cum laude* in 1957, determined "to learn everything in the world." He pursued a graduate degree in art history at Bryn Mawr while he went to Penn law school, stood No. 1 in his class, edited the law review and sharpened the "void for vagueness" doctrine (meaning failure to specify an offense) that has since invalidated many an unjust Southern law.

Astounding Memory. In 1960, Justice Felix Frankfurter chose Amsterdam as his Supreme Court law clerk, the only non-Harvard man Frankfurter ever picked. It was a meeting of two omnivorous minds. "He was a man committed to the breadth of life," recalls Amsterdam, who edited Frankfurter's unpublished memoirs. "We got along marvelously."

In 1962, after a frenetic year as a U.S. prosecutor in Washington, Amsterdam joined the Penn law faculty and started moonlighting as a top tactician for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal De-



TONY AMSTERDAM

Also poker, poetry and the police courts.

fense Fund. In case after case he has astounded judges with his ability to remember hundreds of citations going back to the birth of the Republic. At one hearing, when the judge could not find one of Amsterdam's citations, an unruffled Amsterdam suggested: "Your Honor, your book must be misbound." It was. In New Orleans last winter, he flipped through the apparently hopeless appeal of a Mississippi Negro accused of possessing whisky, and turned the case into a legal landmark—the first federal court decision extending the Sixth Amendment right to counsel from felony cases to misdemeanors (*TIME*, Jan. 29).

Unfolding Technique. Last summer Amsterdam led 30 law students through 250 counties in eleven Southern states to analyze a 25-year collection of 2,600 rape cases—a major study of Southern "dual justice." Last spring Amsterdam also produced a memoranda 119-page article in the Penn law review on the "removal" of civil rights cases from state to federal courts. Indeed, Amsterdam is the leading scholar of that unfolding technique, one of the big developments in U.S. law. While honing dozens of Legal Defense Fund briefs, he is also writing a lengthy trial manual for all U.S. defense lawyers, to be distributed by the American Bar Association and the American Law Institute.

Amsterdam is not so much an advocate of more civil rights as he is a crack criminal lawyer seeking better protection of existing rights. The rights themselves have been won—from free expression in 1789 to equal voting in 1965. And yet, he says, the American citizen may still be "arrested, jailed, fined under guise of bail and put to every risk and rancor of the criminal process if he expresses himself unpopularity." In the years ahead, Amsterdam intends to concentrate on making "the paper right a practical protection."

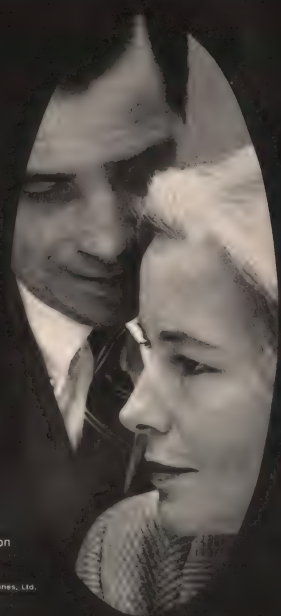


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MODERN LIVING

CUSTOMS

The Great Festival

Nineveh saw nothing like it, Imperial Rome would have been abashed, and Solomon, in all his glory, could not have afforded it. It is America's great Christmas festival.

Across the nation, U.S. cities burst into calculated and bravura finery. Bright color blossomed where there was none before, drab public spaces were bathed in light, and people kissed (cheek to social cheek) who had never kissed before. As everyone knows—if reminded—Christmas Day itself marks the birth of Christ. But it is sometimes hard to remember in the weeks before. Instead, the chief big man seems to be that fellow Santa Claus, the patron saint of giving. Pillowed and pas-

sively three days off). Peasants in northern Europe decorated their homes with evergreens as a tribute to nature's victory over the numbing winter, held lengthy feasts and processions. The Romans celebrated the entire winter solstice season to honor Saturn, the god of agriculture. During the Saturnalia everyone ate, drank and exchanged presents in one long bacchanal. When the Christian missionaries began to comb the countryside for converts, they found that few were willing to give up their pagan rites. Figuring that pragmatism was called for, they combined the two holidays into the mixture of religious and secular customs that remains today.

Changed Tide. The church held the edge until the middle of the 19th century. Then Clement Moore and Charles

20 years—thanks in part to countless readings by Dickens himself—Bob Cratchit and his lame son, Tiny Tim, had become the heroes of the holiday, and many an otherwise prudent man plunged into debt to avoid any likeness to Scrooge.

Heart & Purse Strings. About the same time, American stores began to take over the trappings of Christmas. Nativity scenes, once seen only in churches and private homes, began to crop up in display windows along with wreaths, Christmas trees and sugar-plums. Lights, originally lit by homeowners and clergymen to guide Christ through the darkness to their doors, now were set out to attract customers. One of the first stores to tug at the heart strings as well as the purse strings was Altman's in Manhattan, which began to dress its windows with a simple wreath the day before Christmas in the 1870s. By the turn of the century, the decorations had already become fantastically elaborate and increasingly secular. San Francisco's Emporium boasted that it had "the largest, most beautiful and fascinating Christmas show ever produced in a mercantile establishment in this country." It consisted of dolls frolicking in the summer sea at Coney Island.

The shops soon took the next logical step, banded together to decorate entire streets and squares, sometimes with their own funds, sometimes with help from the city. The Christmas festival became public, and ever since, merchants have worked to expand the season backward to the point where today virtually every store is decked out in its Christmas finery by or before Thanksgiving.

Monorails & Ho-Hos. Whatever the motives of the producers, nobody can dispute the fact that the results are spectacular. Rich's department store in Atlanta spends so much money on Christmas decorations that it does not even keep track, but estimates that it might reach \$150,000. This Thanksgiving night, as it has for the past 18 years, the store held its annual tree-lighting ceremony. While 150,000 people milled about below, four choirs were marshaled on each of the four floors of a glass-enclosed bridge over a pedestrian mall. Beginning at the bottom, they broke into song as the floors successively came alive with lights. The whole ceremony was topped off when the 2,000 lights on the 65-ft. white pine on top of the bridge twinkled on and everyone in the crowd joined in singing *Silent Night*.

But this is just the opening. For the next four weeks, two pink monorails with pig faces for fronts (they are dubbed "the Pink Pigs") will carry young customers around the tree. Inside the store, three Santas, carefully screened so that no two can be seen by the same wide-eyed child, dispense ho-hos and listen to wishes. In case the



DICKENS' BOB CRATCHIT & TINY TIM

Bypass the differences and celebrate man.

faced, he chortles from a myriad of department-store thrones, and pasteboard likenesses beam from drugstore windows. Under his spell, the battle cry in thousands of U.S. homes becomes:

Now Bonwit's! Now Bergdorf's!

Now Magnin's and Jax!

On Neiman! On Marcus! On

Schwartz's and Saks!

Pagan Rights. As usual, there is considerable hand-wringing by purists and priests, who complain that the cash box has replaced the crèche. But the fact remains that Christmas never completely belonged to the church. It began as a pagan festival, and it has slowly been changing back into one for the past half-century.

Long before the birth of Christ, Dec. 25 was celebrated in pagan societies as the day on which the sun began its yearly rebirth (astronomically they were

Dickens turned the tide, implanted the idea that presents and not piety were what Christmas was all about.

A sober poet and scholar, Moore dashed off *A Visit From Saint Nicholas*, better known as *The Night Before Christmas*, in 1822 as a fanciful amusement for his own children. Little did he know that his poem would eventually change the image of Saint Nicholas around the world.

In his original incarnation in the 4th century, Nicholas was not much of a saint. He accumulated virtue by giving gifts to children and marriageable maidens. But he was also a lean and righteous priest who dispensed his gifts with an eye for punishing the unworthy as well as rewarding the virtuous. Moore's jolly, open-handed Santa changed all that. Then came Dickens and *A Christmas Carol* in 1843. Within



CHRISTMAS SPECTACLES, 1965:
THE STAGE IS SET. LIGHTS GO UP

Magic lies in the transformation of the everyday world into visions of sugarplums. Strings of lights, pools of color, and —presto!—Boston Common becomes a Christmas Fantasy.

ALAN COOPER



London's Regent Street this year has gone "modern." Lighting the way toward Piccadilly, giant jeweled necklaces replace the reindeer and angels of the past.

One of Christian Dior's windows in Paris gives an opulent glimpse of Christmas delights waiting within.



Manhattan dresses up the elegantly lit Pulitzer fountain opposite the inviting doorway of the Plaza Hotel.





At tree-lighting time, carolers sing on each of four floors of Rich's department store in Atlanta, to the delight of young and old packing the plaza.

kids get restless waiting in line, Rich's has obligingly placed eight live reindeer in glass cages near by.

Late Rebellion. Many of the best displays are community efforts. San Francisco businessmen traditionally decorate downtown Union Square with 16 tall Irish yew trees, each festooned with hundreds of colored lights. In Fort Worth, Texas, which is short on snow but long on spirit, twelve tall buildings in the city's hub are silhouetted with yellow and white lights. The inside lights are doused in the late evening, leaving a striking skyline of bright geometric patterns.

But in general, community action is of relatively recent date. As late as 1950, Boston, for instance, still clung to the tradition of its original Puritan Governors, who thought of Christmas as "the awesome event of the Incarnation" and forbade any public display. Then the town fathers rebelled and decided to decorate Boston Common. The decision once made, no expense was spared, and no community square is done with more style. Thousands of white, orange and blue lights are laced across the bare branches of the park's old elms and spruce trees set up for the occasion. From a distance, the entire network looks like an illuminated spider web. During the day, visitors are treated to a Nativity scene that features 75 identical white sheep with one black sheep at the head of the flock. Cost of the Common's display—known to cynical Bostonians as "Christorama"—is a relatively small \$32,500, most of it donated by local merchants, banks and insurance companies. Since the Common got its Christmas festival, stores' sales have increased by 2% annually, last year jumped by 5%. Says Paul Hines, head of the festival committee: "It's almost as if the Almighty is blessing our efforts to glorify him."

Dancing Girls. For sheer pomp and pageantry, however, no city can light a candle to New York. At dusk, virtually every square foot of street frontage in midtown Manhattan comes alive with winking wreaths, sparkling and mechanized mannequins. For the 20th year, Christmas trees will divide Park Avenue for 62 blocks with a hand of light. At Herald Square, Macy's windows add an Eastern accent with some 200 animated figures, ranging from girls dancing in mosques (a practice not allowed by Moslems) to silk-garbed courtiers watching performing jugglers. Across the street its archrival, Gimbels', counters with a real-life Santa who descends a wooden chimney every 15 minutes, talks through a microphone to the kids on the street, and—of course—invites everyone inside. Even the minor squares are dressed to the nines. The graceful Pulitzer Memorial fountain in front of the staid Plaza Hotel and Bergdorf Goodman's sparkles as if electricity were going out of style tomorrow.

On Fifth Avenue the competition pro-

duces some of the most breathtaking displays in the country. The prize for gaudiness goes to E. J. Korvette's, which prides itself on a huge semicircular tree of lights that juts out from the building's side and shines for 20 blocks. Claiming that religious themes cannot be handled with discretion, Lord & Taylor plays out its "Christmas Is Love" theme with nuzzling poodles, smooching skunks and necking giraffes.

Sweaty Santas. Though the U.S. has made the Christmas pageant what it is today, other countries have recognized a good thing when they see it. Two weeks ago, some 100,000 mothers and children crowded into Rio de Janeiro's Flamengo Park and watched a helicopter approach. Everyone burst into a frenzied shout when it finally touched down and disgorged a befurred Santa Claus, sweating gamely in the 90° heat.

Parisian stores, which ten years ago had no U.S.-style decorations, have suddenly realized a few sprigs of holly and strings of lights can help part a Frenchman and his francs. The leader of the movement is Christian Dior. Each Dior window features a Christmas tree standing on a terrace at Versailles (that elated of un-Christian morals). Inside, mannequins topped with Marie Antoinette hairdos and draped with Dior hestess gowns hold aloft motion picture reindeer and—of all things—old sailing boats. From the ceiling hang huge plastic chandeliers, each of which took 300 hours to make. Said Decorator Jean-François Daigre: "My aim has been to create so much light and color that people will want to enter what is normally a rather mysterious place."

Giant Jeweled Necklace. Both here and abroad, the traditional religious themes are losing ground in favor of secular, abstract decorations. London's Regent Street, which for twelve years has provided the backdrop for illuminated displays of reindeer, angels and the magi, has gone completely abstract. The stores along the street, which pay for the display according to their store frontage, this year hit upon a giant jeweled necklace consisting of eleven sections made up of 33 hexagonal frames wrapped in gilt tinsel. In the center of each hexagon is a three-foot star, and at the bottom of each dangles yet another star embedded with silver reflectors. Explains one of the designers: "Father Christmas is losing his charm. Even cribs are less popular. People want something different."

Store managers, in general, figure that the theme does not matter so long as the display catches the eye. Comments the display director for a big department store outside Washington: "Decorations act as a little alarm clock to tell people that Christmas is just around the corner. They are a way to remind people that if they wait until the last minute they won't get their shopping done."

If this approach seems too coolly

commercial, there is a school which argues that perhaps Christ should indeed be taken out of Christmas—or at least out of the stores. These critics are less offended by totally secular displays than they are by the sanctimonious or hypocritical use of religious ones—crèches in store windows, a Madonna presiding over the liquor-and-gift-basket department. In the U.S.'s mixed society, "the emphasis is to bypass our differences and get away from the controversy of Christmas," says Professor Dan Dodson, chairman of the sociology department at New York University. "We try to water down the holiday to make it less barbed for people of non-Christian faiths, and this re-

PHOTO WINTZ



SANTA ARRIVING IN RIO
"On Neiman! On Marcus!"

sults in a mass culture which erodes away sharp differences."

Man to Man. Thus the Christmas season has been slowly transformed, however inadvertently, from a festival celebrating the relation of man to his God into one celebrating man's good will toward other men. And in their own way, sometimes gaudy, sometimes tasteless, sometimes spectacular, the glowing public displays contribute to the transformation. Take New York, where the installation and decoration of the huge tree at the heart of Rockefeller Center is an annual ritual. Every New Yorker feels compelled to make his own judgment, disapproving or enthusiastic or deprecatory, on the current version. It is one of the few times that this city of strangers, commuters, dissenters, and people who wish they were living someplace else, has a common subject.

THE THEATER



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Hell's Isolation Ward

Inadmissible Evidence. Words perpetually fill the theater; only rarely does one hear a voice. John Osborne has a voice. Splenetic, stinging, scornful, grieving, whining, raging—he does not go gently into the sour day and sourer night. *Evidence* is almost all voice, a torrential dramatic typhoon in which one man is incessantly lashed by that despair that Kirkegaard called "the sickness unto death."

Osborne's anti-hero is Bill Maitland, a London solicitor hung up on booze, barbiturates and the bleak self-knowledge that he is "irredeemably mediocre." He is pushing 40, a tooth-shy, flea-bitten leopard, all spots and no strength, restlessly, frantically, pacing the cage of his life-in-death. "In the middle of the journey of our life, I came to myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost," wrote Dante: *Inadmissible Evidence* is, among other things, a threnody on the middle years, laced with caustic humor.

What has matured in Bill Maitland is not himself but his fears, guilts and anxieties. His skin has become thinner, not thicker, and he flares up with the irascible sensitivity of thwarted desires, blighted hopes. He must flog a body that is losing its resilience, and he smells death's had breath at dawn. He envies the young for being young and for possessing the integrity that has eroded in him, the appetite for life that has cloyed on his palate, and the courage that has been drowned. Locked in hell's isolation ward of self, he claws at people he cannot reach and drives them farther away.

It is Maitland's tormented hallucination, and the play's device, that he is in a spectral dock on trial on a self-accusing charge—that his life has become an obscenity. The inner motion of this drama is the ritual of exorcism: Maitland wants to slay the voracious demons of his mind and conscience. But his witnesses are all mirror images of his decay, shadowy chroniclers of loss, rejection, betrayal and defeat. His unbriaded, long-suffering clerks are walking legal briefs drawn up against Maitland's corrosive contempt for his work. His wife is Maitland's petition in domestic bankruptcy. His mistress and his casual office couchmates do not attest Maitland's sexual prowess but his inability to love. His daughter, listening to him with unresponsive indifference, is an exact replica of his icy self-concern. The clients with interchangeable faces that blur before his desk are a dossier of sins he has committed, or, in the case of a homosexual, of a deviate impulse he may have suppressed. It is not surprising that his self-disgust and self-hatred prove contagious, and that in the end everyone leaves him to stew in his own bile.

Some playgoers may feel the same

way, but they will not have listened to the play very carefully. Osborne did not take this much trouble merely to impale a middle-aged shyster on his pen. Before the play is a minute old, Bill Maitland is reciting a kind of berserk catechism of modern progress, "the technological revolution, the pressing, growing, pressing, urgent need for more and more scientists, and more scientists—rapid change, change, rapid change—the inevitability of automation—forward-looking, outward-looking, program controlled machine tool line reassessment." This is contemporary man spurting terror at an uncontrollable universe the way a frightened octopus squirts ink. Another clue to Osborne's mind is the venom he drips on mass man, the "idiots," the "tentpegs," the



OSBORNE & WILLIAMSON
On the playing fields of pain.

"flatulent, purblind mating weasels." Bill Maitland is the effigy Osborne burns as his anathema on the modern world.

It has been lazily assumed from the time of *Look Back in Anger* that Osborne was simply anti-Establishment and pro-underdog, in which case his anger would have abated with his first Rolls-Royce. But Osborne's fury is born in grief. Maitland speaks of the technological world of tomorrow as "beyond the capacity for human grief." Osborne recoils at the world of the social contract symbolized by his lawyer-hero, the world of abstract concepts, impersonal institutions, dehumanized relationships, bonded in paper and ratified by the press. The sense of loss that permeates his plays is an unrequited yearning for the old blood ties of preindustrial man, the organic community of honor and duty where man was knitted to man without intellectual sophistication or corporate complexity.

The spectacle of a human worm turning on the office spit, the sapped vitality, the jangled nerves, the repetitive routines, all these are abrasively marshaled by Osborne to convey his vision of the



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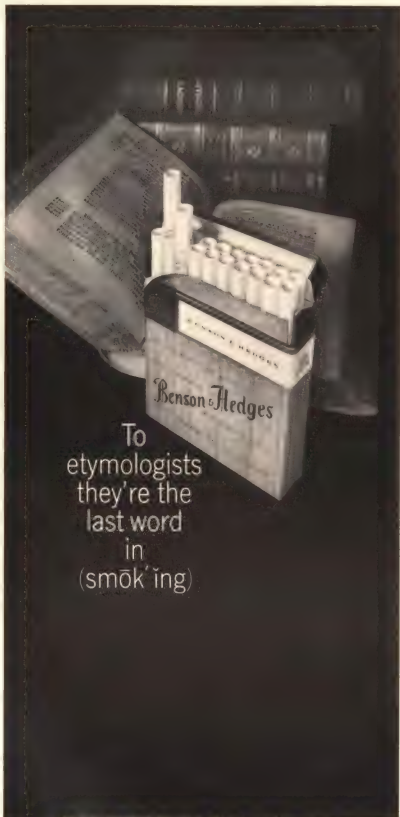
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(smōk'ing)

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modern world as a playing field of pain. The figure of the anti-hero poses the customary problem: Maitland is so passive that his degradation seems self-induced, and his engorged self-pity inhibits the playgoer's concern. But whenever the play loses traction, as it sometimes does, the molting energy and phenomenal acting resources of Nicol Williamson, 28, grip and harrow the viewer. Williamson has colored the neurotic auto-intoxication of Bill Maitland with the flesh tones of a piteously buffeted humanity. In his mouth, Maitland's night-long talking jag becomes an aria of lyric despondency.

Silence can be more terrible than speech. More than once, this strange, prickly creature who has been spared nothing by his playwright-creator stares straight out at the audience, and beyond, his brow creased in anguished perplexity, his eyes wide, wild and horror-stricken, a numbly inept Perseus who has looked bare on the Gorgon's head and found his heart and his life turned to stone.

Hash Romanov

Anya, *Ornithomimus* was no theatergoer, but he would have grasped the principle of this musical perfectly—since he was a dinosaur who lived on other dinosaurs' eggs. Anya raids the nests of *My Fair Lady*, *Cinderella*, *Rachmaninoff*, turn-of-the-century operettas, a straight play called *Anastasia* and a movie called *Anastasia*. No matter how soon it closes, the show will not die young.

Anya (Constance Towers) is an attractive girl who has just finished a wet run on suicide by diving into a canal, and is drying out in a Berlin nut house, in 1925. In two words, her vocabulary is "Anastasia Romanov." Who should hear about her but Bounine the taxi driver? Well, part-time taxi driver. General Bounine (Michael Kermoyan) is one of those loyal servants of the Czai of All the Russias, without whom the czarism could scarcely have fallen. Bounine does not believe that the girl escaped the Bolshevik firing squad at Ekaterinburg, but he plays Professor Higgins to her Eliza Doolittle and coaches her to bluff big. After all, £400,000 is waiting in the Bank of England for the rightful Romanov heir. Some blind Russian peasants who happen to be milling around the streets of Berlin oblige by blubbering "Little Mother" all over the set, and it is clear that only an optometrist could prevent Prince Paul (John Michael King) and the Dowager Empress (Lillian Gish) from falling all over their royal relative.

There is no royalty in this for Rachmaninoff, who supplies all the music. If he had only written the lyrics as well, he might have spared himself lines like "Dust the bust of Dostoevsky." And if anyone guessed that there would not be a dance number called *Vodka, Vodka!*—all knee bends and flying boots—he guessed wrong.

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THE PRESS

REPORTERS

Muffled in Moscow

In 1956, after long decades during which the number of U.S. correspondents in Moscow was severely limited, a large group was once again admitted. Since then, about a dozen of them have been thrown out for a variety of offenses. Last week the Washington Post's Stephen Rosenfeld, 33, became the third to be ejected this year (after ABC's Sam A. Jaffe and the Baltimore Sun's Adam Clymer). Rosenfeld himself had done nothing to wear out his welcome. But the Post had published *The Penkovsky Papers**—and out went Rosenfeld. His departure was one more reminder that whether the cold war thaws or freezes, a Moscow assignment remains perhaps the most perplexing a reporter can draw.

The first impression they get in Moscow, say newsmen who have served there, is a sense of utter isolation. They live in a foreign ghetto; they see mostly fellow reporters; they make the rounds of embassy receptions that yield little information. They prefer not to use their tapped telephones for interviews. And they would be better advised to write a letter to anyone they want to see. They may not leave Moscow without permission. After trying various ploys, one reporter explained that he wanted to visit Odessa to see the sunrise. In due course, the reply came back: "The sunrise in Odessa is just like the sunrise in Moscow."

On Probation. Though they are isolated, Western reporters are paradoxically never alone when they cover a story. Whether they speak Russian or not (and many of them do not speak it very well), they are accompanied by an official translator. Reporters suspect that the translator is instructed to omit from translation any details that might damage the Soviet image.

During their first days in Moscow, reporters have the eerie feeling that they are being followed. They are. Ostentatiously so. The Russians want them to know they are on probation. "I was tailed the first two weeks, day and night," says Sam Jaffe, who arrived in Moscow in 1961. "After a while they dropped the tails. There are only so many places you can go."

The Moscow press corps, in fact, does better by not going anywhere. When its members are not posing in front of onion-domed Russian churches, they find it most rewarding to sit in the office reading Soviet newspapers, magazines and wire-service copy—or to have the translator read them. Some 80% of reporters' stories are culled

* The memoirs of Oleg Vladimirovich Penkovsky, a colonel in Russian military intelligence, who was executed as a spy in 1963 after being found guilty of furnishing the U.S. with information on Soviet strategy and rocketry.



WASHINGTON POST'S ROSENFELD



ABC'S JAFFE (WITH MICROPHONE)

Even a sunrise is taboo.

from these publications, which divulge big news by small innuendo. "If you're any good at all," says Joseph Michaels, who covered Moscow for NBC, "you get to be a weather vane. You catch a scent, like a dog."

Dubious Tips. Moscow is painfully aware of all the words cabled by Western correspondents. Copy is not regularly censored, but each cable is sent to various bureaus that scrutinize stories for offending passages. Punishment by banishing comes later. "You've got to say to yourself every time you write a story, is it worth being expelled for?" says David Miller, the New York Herald Tribune's Moscow man from 1962 to 1964. Says Jaffe: "No journalist can really be honest in Moscow."

But the reporter who plays ball reaps some rewards. Tips come to him from Russian journalists, who have usually been put up to it by their editors. In this way, Jaffe was the first Western correspondent to learn of Khrushchev's ouster. The leaks are often dubious. In the spring of 1964, word went out from a West German wire service that Khrushchev was dead. The story was picked up by papers around the world. Later, the Germans explained that the leak had originated with the Russian news service, Tass. Suspicious correspondents decided that the Central Committee, already scheming to depose Khrushchev, had sent out the news to test world reaction ahead of time.

EDITORS

Rage on the Sports Page

Facing his first freshman football scrimmage without his pair of thick glasses, the burly Amherst guard could scarcely see. He didn't need to. Flailing arms, elbows and fists, he hurled himself at every vague shape that moved, and he made the tackle on almost every play. After 20 minutes of watching the

myopic terror at work, the coach pulled him out of the scrimmage and gently reprimanded him: "It's only a game, boy."

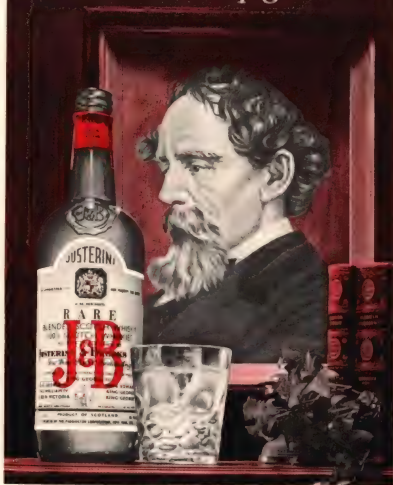
To Stanley Woodward, football was never just a game. It was one of life's major pastimes, worthy of his undivided attention, whether he was playing it or writing about it. As a sportswriter and editor for 40 years, Woodward, who died of bronchitis last week at 71, made athletics as important to his readers as they were to him. Quoting liberally from Latin and French, Milton and Shakespeare, he ranged over the entire world of sports, from its gambling to its psychology to its Jim Crowism. When a lady reporter once told him that it was her ambition to write "fun" sports stories, he summarily fired her.

Sardonic Humor. At first, Woodward wanted to be a participant sportsman, not a spectator. But a series of operations for cataracts cost him his peripheral vision and closed athletics to him as a career. After graduating from Amherst, he went to work for local newspapers; in 1930 he moved to the New York Herald Tribune as sportswriter.

Then as now, most sportswriters took themselves so seriously that they wrote about a baserunner stealing home as earnestly as if they were covering the theft of the *Mona Lisa*. Woodward kept his subject in perspective, cutting everyone down to size with his sardonic sense of humor. When Dan Ferris retired as executive secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union in 1962, Woodward expressed unabashed pleasure. "As a tour conductor of American athletes abroad, Ferris ranked with Mike Quill's newest subway guard."

After time off to cover combat in World War II, Woodward returned to the Trib as editor of the sports department. He hired writers of the caliber of Red Smith and horse racing expert Joe Palmer. He purged his pages of what

*"...leave the bottle on the
chimleypiece, and don't ask me
to take none, but let me put my lips
to it when I am so disposed..."*



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he called "unholy jargon," banishing such words as horseshide, pigskin, donnybrook, grid battles. When a reporter wrote that someone had "belled a home run," Woodward whipped off his own belt and shouted, "Here, let's see you hit a home run with this." Such was Woodward's pride in his shop that when the managing editor once suggested running a big sports story on Page One, Woodward exploded: "Why bury a good story like that?"

Rude Interruption. "Coach" Woodward, as he was known to his friends, believed there were only four sports worth writing about at any length: baseball, football, horse racing and boxing. He was openly contemptuous of skiing, auto racing, golf and goonosphere (his word for basketball). He loathed hunting. His stubborn tastes did not suit his publisher, Mrs. Ogden Reid,



STANLEY WOODWARD
Down with goonosphere.

who insisted that he give more space to women's golf. Woodward refused. He was, said his friend Joe Palmer, "contemptuous of superiors, barely tolerant of equals and unfailingly kind to subordinates." In 1948 he was fired. "I was given the bum's rush," he explained, "for addressing the management in tones of insufficient servility."

After that, Woodward bounced from paper to paper; but in 1959, after Jack Whitney bought the Trib, he was invited back. He was not exactly penitent. His first column began: "As I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted eleven years ago..." When someone asked if he had any hard feelings about being fired, he replied: "Time wounds all heels."

Soon his health began to fail. In 1962 he quit for good to retire to his home in Connecticut and write an autobiography implausibly titled *Paper Tiger*. "I left the Trib in disappointment and rage both times," he lamented. But honest rage was more than half the secret of Stanley Woodward's success as a sports editor.

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ng.

A black leather suitcase with a silver metal frame and handle, shown from a side-on perspective. The suitcase is closed and stands upright. The metal frame is visible along the top, bottom, and sides. The handle is a black, curved grip attached to the top frame. The leather has a textured, slightly worn appearance. The background is a plain, light color.

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TIME, DECEMBER 10, 1965

ARCHITECTURE

The Fifth Façade

"The drawings submitted for this scheme are simple to the point of being diagrammatic," observed the jury in 1957. "Nevertheless, we are convinced that they present a concept of an opera house that is capable of becoming one of the great buildings of the world."

The goal of the international competition was a design for a cultural center for the rugged city of Sydney, Australia. Winning architect was Denmark's Jørn Utzon, now 47, who until then had built only a few housing projects. The drawings seemed a fantasy. In con-

struction, they have proved even more exciting—and difficult to realize.

roofs, which conceal the acoustical ceilings. The late Frank Lloyd Wright saw the roofs as so many "circus tents." Critic Lewis Mumford assailed the silhouette as serving "no other purpose than that of demonstrating the esthetic audacity of the designer." Utzon claims that the sails are a necessary departure from functionalism: "One could not have a flat roof filled with ventilation pipes." "I have made a sculpture," he says. "People will sail around it—so they will see it as a round thing, not as a house in a street."

Computer Sculpture. Utzon soon discovered that architecture conceived as sculpture often becomes an engineering

The Play's the Thing

In Southern California, where palm trees grow outside of hotel lobbies, one of the first palm trees that the visiting British artist ever saw was made of plastic. It was the kind of experience that has lured David Hockney, 28, into spending most of the past 2½ years in the U.S. "Cézanne used to paint pictures of paper flowers," he says, "and I painted that plastic tree not with a realistic sky but a realistic painted sky behind it."

Hockney is one of Britain's brighter young talents who unabashedly admire America's folk-pop imagery of the dragster, the supermarket, and the ad-cluttered cityscape. They approach art with much the same witty enthusiasm, technical virtuosity and cool gamesmanship as do the Beatles.

Gold Medol & Lamé. British art has long leaned on literary meanings and social satire. Hockney, following Hogarth, has done his own etching album on *The Rake's Progress*. Hockney's witty series is a chronicle of his first trip to America. His *Bedlam* scene shows him lined up with other lunatics, ears plugged into rock 'n' roll-thumping transistor radios, wearing "I swing with WABC" sweatshirts.

Hockney is something of a sketch himself. He does himself up occasionally in a gold lamé dinner jacket and a blond-dyed hairdo (Clairrol's "Champagne Ice"), but he has a manner that matches the sturdy guttural of his native Yorkshire origins. London's Royal College of Art at first refused to grant the rebellious painter a diploma, wound up awarding him a gold medal. Last week his third one-man show in as many years opened in London's Kusun gallery.

Through the Scrims. Hockney once delighted in verbal as well as visual wit. One painting, showing two men rushed by a ferocious leopard, was coolly captioned: "They're perfectly safe. This is a still." Recently he has abandoned word play to pun pictorially with the very notion of art. In his *Picture of Rocky Mountains with Tired Indians* (see opposite page), the title refers to the modern chair at right, placed there for composition purposes, not for the Indians. His *More Realistic Still Life* is a primer on how to place imaginary apples and a vase on a cloth. To underline his intent, he sometimes paints false frames around his canvases to force the viewer to see the works as paintings of paintings.

Although Hockney never loses the sense of direct observation, he makes his paintings step back from reality through successive scrims, screens and curtains that dissolve the boundaries between the real, the imitation and the out-and-out fake. A Hockney still life becomes a cartoon of apples, a stage set, then an abstraction—and finally a comment on painting itself.



UTZON'S OPERA HOUSE (IN CONSTRUCTION)

Setting sails in concrete.

struction, they have proved even more exciting—and difficult to realize.

Cultural Bonanza. Sitting in Sydney's harbor, Utzon's incomplete colossus is composed of three structures with cantilevered rooftops. Since they are seen from passing ships, Utzon conceived of the roofs as "the fifth façade." Into them, he has poured all his inventiveness. The roof lines billow like the spinners of a squadron of racing yachts.

Below its roofs, Sydney's opera house shelters spaces to inspire a cultural bonanza. Its two large halls will seat 2,800 and 1,100 respectively. The complex also contains a 300-seat chamber-music room, a 400-seat subterranean experimental theater, and a restaurant that can serve 250 people. There are 19 rehearsal rooms, including one large enough to hold an entire 120-man symphony orchestra. "Big shapes hold no fear for me," says Utzon, whose father was a naval architect.

Criticism centers on the soaring

nightmare. The sails are all designed as gorges taken from a master sphere. V-shaped ribs are cast from master molds on the site. Eventually these neo-Gothic ribs will be sheathed in white tiles, leaving the skeleton visible from beneath. It took three years to adapt Utzon's spherical geometry to actual construction, using computers to ensure that 170-ft. ribs weighing 80 tons would fit to a fraction of an inch.


Construction is already in its seventh year, with an estimated four more years to go. The cost has risen to \$54 million. At best, Utzon's opera house will be dedicated seven years late and cost eight times the original estimate. But Utzon is not disturbed. Says he: "Cities have ugly buildings thrown up quickly to bring in a financial return. This opera house should take up to 20 years to build. We're doing it in ten by introducing mass-production methods." After all, he says, "no one counted the cost of building St. Paul's."



HOCKNEY'S DREAMSCAPES

While living in Colorado, British Painter Hockney improvised on a traditional theme, *More Realistic Still Life* (above), combined Western and imaginary elements to produce *Picture of Rocky Mountains with Tired Indians*.





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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Security Is a Good Show

December is the grueling month, the time when there seem to be more seasonal "specials" than regular shows on TV. But this Thursday (7:30 p.m., E.S.T.), CBS will carry a special that really is special. For one thing, the program is unpretentious; for another, it is unprolonged (30 minutes). Finally, it represents the overdue TV debut of the comic strip *Peanuts*.

A *Charlie Brown Christmas* stars all the familiar Charles Schulz cartoon characters, faithfully animated by ex-Disney Artist Bill Melendez. The parable, too, is pure Schulz. Christmas is coming, but "good ol' wishy-washy" Charlie Brown doesn't "feel the way I'm supposed to feel." "Look, Charlie Brown, let's face it," explains Lucy. "We all know that Christmas is a big commercial racket. It's run by a big Eastern syndicate, you know." Even Snoopy knows. He has entered a "home lighting and display contest," which, its advertisement promises, will help him "find the true meaning of Christmas."

Snoopy, who upstages the rest of the company every time he is on-screen, wins first prize with his doghouse decorations. Nice Guy Charlie Brown naturally finishes last—he can't even find a decent Christmas tree. "You've been dumb before, Charlie Brown," snorts Lucy, "but this time you really did it." Then Linus saves Charlie's day by narrating the story of the first Christmas and by telling him: "It's not a bad little tree, really. It just needs love." So Linus props it up with his security blanket, and Lucy and the rest of the kids provide Charlie with ornaments—and a little one-day-a-year love. The voices of the characters, dubbed by real rather than stage kids, are occasionally amateurish but contribute to the refreshing-

ly low-key tone. In any case, listeners will grow accustomed to the voices. Three more *Peanuts* programs are on the drawing boards, and a *Charlie Brown Christmas* is one children's special this season that bears repeating.

MOVIES

The Hottest Icicle

Her name is Germaine Lefebvre, but she calls herself Capucine. "Just Capucine," she insists. "Nothing in front and nothing behind." What is true of her name is even truer of her person: she is as angular as a heron, as cold and remote as an icicle. Yet she starred in two of the '60s' biggest farces (*What's New, Pussycat?* and *The Pink Panther*). Her new comedy, Joseph Mankiewicz' *Anyone for Venice?*, may be even bigger.

Purebred Siamese. Capucine's secret is that she carries over to the screen the grand hauteur she learned as a *haute couture* model, then plays her glacial poise for laughs. Not even the antics of Peter O'Toole and Woody Allen could persuade the *Pussycat* to purr, but fanciers, fatigued with Ursula Andress as an alley cat and Romy Schneider as a kitten, applauded Capucine's purebred Siamese and gave her a bigger share of laughs in a Sellers market. In *Panther*, she kept a straight face while she slammed the door on the nose of her cuckolded husband. When he asked how she could save enough from her house-keeping money to buy mink coats, she replied airily: "It isn't easy." Her husband bought the explanation, and so did happy *Panther* fans.

As an actress, Capucine is a late starter. Her *petit bourgeois* French family wanted her to be a schoolteacher. "When I balked at that," she recalls indignantly, "they suggested I work in a bank adding figures all day long." Capucine had other ideas. Instead of exam-



CAPUCINE

A taste for honey bats.

ining other people's figures, she thought other people ought to examine hers. The Nefertiti profile, the lean hungry look, quickly made her a mannequin for Givenchy and a top fashion model.

Sheep Eyes. At the height of her modeling career, she met Movie Producer Charles Feldman (*A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Seven Year Itch*), who offered to give her a screen test. "They were paying expenses, and I was curious to see Hollywood," she says. "I memorized a few lines of English, hardly understanding a word I was saying. Somehow, I passed."

She played a Russian princess in her first film, *Song Without End*. "I got ripped to pieces by the critics," she remembers. "So I changed the pace a bit. In my next film I played a call girl. In the following one, a prostitute." In 1962 the pace change included a role as William Holden's co-star in *The Lion*. She became his lioness for two years, finally broke away when Holden returned to his wife and cubs last year.

Since then, she has withdrawn to her home in Lausanne, submerged herself in her two favorite occupations, eating and working. A gourmet with exotic tastes, Capucine has been known to consume anything that has flavor. She has eaten chicken-entrail stew in Cambodia, honey bats in Mauritius, and sheep eyes in North Africa. Despite her exotic intake, she remains a model of gauntness. "I only gain weight when I am terribly depressed," she maintains. Apparently, there is nothing depressing Capucine at present, except the gnawing feeling that the pussycat may be keeping so cool that as a comedienne she is growing cold. As she views the progress of the sex kittens in Hollywood, she sometimes broods about her icicle style. "I don't know," she says. "Sometimes I feel that I would like to cut loose and start throwing pies."



CHARLIE BROWN & LINUS IN "CHRISTMAS"
A little one-day-a-year love.

SPORT

PRO FOOTBALL

In Search of Excitement

To Chicago Bears Halfback Gale Sayers, 22, it all seems kind of humdrum. He runs back a kickoff 96 yds., rambles 62 yds. with a punt, throws a 26-yd. touchdown pass—left-handed. So what else is new? He has scored as many as four touchdowns in a single game (against the Minnesota Vikings two months ago), averaged 4.4 yds. every time he has carried the ball, caught 26 passes for an average gain of 15.6 yds., broken a National Football League record for touchdowns by a rookie (14), and virtually sewed up the N.F.L.'s Rookie of the Year award. But he hasn't felt much excitement yet. "Maybe," he says hopefully, "the excitement will come later."

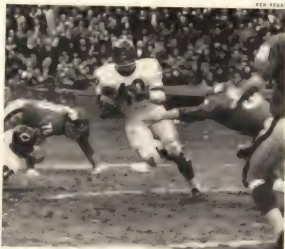
It is rare enough for a rookie to crack the starting line-up of an N.F.L. team—let alone achieve star status in his freshman year. Exceptions are the rule this year. San Francisco's Ken Willard is the third leading ground gainer in the N.F.L. Tucker Frederickson, a 220-lb. fullback from Auburn, is the man who makes the New York Giants go, and Bob ("Bullet") Hayes represents the only real threat in the Dallas Cowboys' offense. Sayers' teammate Dick Butkus is the main bulwark in a brutal Chicago Bears defense that has allowed just 73 points in its last five games. But Willard, Hayes, Frederickson and Butkus are believable, at least. Sayers is another story.

\$150,000 from the Miser. Son of an auto polisher in an Omaha used-car lot, Halfback Sayers set a Big Eight rushing record by gaining 2,675 yds. in three years at the University of Kansas. Chicago Coach George Halas, a notorious miser, wanted him so badly that he laid out \$150,000 to sign him for the Bears. Late reporting to the Bears' training camp (he had to play in the College All-Star game), Gale did not really get a chance until the third game of the season, against the Green Bay Packers. The Bears lost, 23-14, but Sayers scored both of Chicago's touchdowns—one on a 6-yd. slant, the other on a 65-yd. pass play.

Next time Chicago played Green Bay, Sayers scored one TD on a 10-yd. sprint around end, set up another with a 62-yd. punt return—and the Bears clawed the Packers 31-10. Minnesota was leading Chicago 37-31 with only 2 min. 18 sec. left when Gale gathered in a kickoff on his own 4-yd. line, set sail up the sideline, and simply outran everybody to the goal line. Against the New York Giants last week, Sayers demonstrated the perfect way to run one of pro football's prettiest plays: the halfback option. In the first quarter he started around end, stopped dead in his tracks, and flipped a pass to End Dick Gordon for 65 yds. and an apparent TD. The



SAYERS



RETURNING A KICK AGAINST THE GIANTS
Training his eyes to daylight.

play was nullified by a penalty, so in the second quarter Sayers tried again—only this time he faked the pass, caught the Giants hanging back, and ran 45 yds. By day's end, he had accounted for 113 yds. and 12 points; the Bears had their seventh victory in their last eight games, 35-14.

Shuffle & Away. That rarest of athletes, the pure natural, Sayers admits that he does not really know why he runs so well, or how he does it. "I have a lot of moves," he says, "but I can't describe them. They're just instinct." Opponents frankly marvel at Sayers' tremendous speed (he runs the 100-yd. dash in 9.7 sec.), his fantastic acceleration, and his abnormally long stride—which deludes tacklers into thinking that he is traveling more slowly than he actually is.

"It's amazing, the way Sayers moves," says Green Bay Safetyman Willie Wood. "You think you have him penned in for no gain. But then he kind of shuffles his feet—and next thing you know, he's away for a touchdown." Unlike many backs, even among the pros, who unconsciously close their eyes as they hit the line of scrimmage, Gale runs with his head up and eyes open—"looking for daylight," explains Bears Backfield Coach Chuck Mather.

The Bonus Battle

In pro football's bonus war, it is obviously more fun to be a private than a colonel. Weeb Ewbank, 58, earns \$35,000 as coach of the American Football League's New York Jets, and this season he has already found himself in the position of trying to give orders to 1) a \$400,000 first-string quarterback, 2) a \$300,000 third-string quarterback, 3) a \$100,000 taxi-squad fullback (from the Ivy League, no less). All Weeb needed to make his embarrassment complete was an independently wealthy lineman, and last week he got one when Jets Owner Sonny Werblin signed Michigan's 230-lb. Tackle Bill

Yearby to a contract at \$1,000 per pound.

Talent for Burlesque. Well, that's showbiz. And there were a few other touches of it in last week's annual pro-football draft, as the A.F.L. took 18 hours to divvy up 253 college players, and the older National Football League took 36 hours to draft 305. The Washington Redskins, whose talent for burlesque is fairly obvious (season's record: five wins, six losses), drafted Princeton Place Kicker Charlie Gogolak as their No. 1 choice, giving him a modest \$15,000 bonus, and announced afterward that they were insuring Charlie's kicking foot with Lloyd's of London for \$1,000,000.

There was no deliberate humor in the battle for star stars as Texas Linebacker Tommy Nobis, who was drafted No. 1 by both the A.F.L.'s Houston Oilers and the N.F.L.'s Atlanta Falcons. "That boy's got a 20-in. neck," sighed Owner K. S. ("Bud") Adams as he flew off to a conference with Nobis at the Villa Capri Motor Hotel in Austin last week. Nobis also, it developed, had an attorney. While Tommy drank half a dozen Cokes, gulped down two club sandwiches and said nothing, Adams tried to find out what Atlanta had offered so he could top it. Uh, uh, said the lawyer: "Just give us your best deal, and we'll let you know in ten days." Adams suggested a figure of \$250,000 or so—and was more than a little astonished at the reaction. "They kept poker faces throughout the whole thing."

Nice, Round Figure. All-America Halfback Mike Garrett, the Heisman Trophy winner from Southern Cal, made it clear what he wanted: "\$300,000 is a nice, round figure." Illinois Fullback Jim Grabowski, the No. 1 draft choice of both the N.F.L.'s Green Bay Packers and the A.F.L.'s Miami Dolphins, denied that he was demanding a \$500,000 package. "I just don't know," he said innocently, "where these stories got started."

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Oh, Baby

Baby sitting can be hard work—especially when the baby weighs 225 lbs., stands 7 ft. 1 in., and loves to play rough. Just ask Jay Carty, a onetime Oregon State basketball star now studying for his doctor's degree at U.C.L.A. He was hired this fall to look after the Bruins' prize prospect: towering Lew Alcindor, 18, the ex-Manhattan school-boy who was the most-sought-after high school player in the U.S. last year. When Alcindor turned out for the U.C.L.A. freshman team this fall, he showed lots of promise and precious little else. "He just stood there with his hands down," recalls Bruins Coach John Wooden. "He faded away from his shots, so he was never in position for the rebound. He got tired quickly from running."

Carty put Alcindor on a crash training program. For openers each day, Lew had to jump up and touch a line on the backboard 15 times in a row. The line was 11½ ft. high. Next, Alcindor practiced "stuffing" shots—jamming balls into the basket from above. After that, Carty and Lew squared off for a game of two-man basketball: the winner was the first to score 20 points. "I jumped on him," admits Carty. "I did everything I could to try and rattle him."

At last, Lew was ready for a public game against the Bruin varsity, the No. 1-ranked college team in the U.S. Alcindor scored 31 points, pulled down 21 rebounds, blocked 7 shots, and the Bruin babes clobbered the Bruins, 75-60. All of which may just make the U.C.L.A. freshmen the best team in the U.S.—considering that the varsity then went out and clobbered Ohio State 92-66.



FRESHMAN ALCINDOR IN ACTION
Learning to play the rattle.

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be smooth as
hot butter. If
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gentlefolk—full-bodied enough
to start with, light
enough to stay with.*

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INFECTIOUS DISEASES

More Action, More Malaria

"Next to girls," says Colonel Spurgeon Neel Jr., chief medical officer of the U.S. Military Assistance Command in Viet Nam, "the thing that American troops in Viet Nam talk about most is malaria." The malaria casualty count has been rising sharply as U.S. forces expand their efforts in the very parts of the country where the disease is rampant (TIME, Aug. 20).

Through the first nine months of this year, the malaria attack rate among U.S. forces was only 30 per 1,000 men per year (as contrasted with the World

forces routinely evacuate any man who is not expected to be able to return to duty within 30 days, and *falciparum*-malaria treatment and convalescence take from five to eight weeks.

Back to Quinine. Medically, the most disturbing aspect of malaria in Viet Nam is the appearance of *falciparum* parasites that are resistant to chloroquine, which was hailed only a few years ago as the almost perfect antimalarial drug. U.S. servicemen take a weekly prophylactic tablet containing 300 mg. of chloroquine and 45 mg. of another antimalarial known as primaquine. If they develop malaria despite this, they are likely to be infected by a

The Lethal Ether

The operations performed on two successive days at the modern Pontiac Osteopathic Hospital in Michigan could not be considered dangerous. Nonetheless they turned into a nightmare of anesthetic error, and when the nightmare ended, three patients were dead. The cause of the tragedy, by the hospital's own admission, was an extraordinary catalogue of casual and careless actions by several doctors.

Violent Response. Unlike many hospitals, which make up a fresh batch of anesthetic for each patient, Pontiac Osteopathic practice was to mix Surital* in half-pint quantities, enough for at least ten patients. When Kimberly Ann Brunel, 8, was wheeled into Operating Room No. 1 to have her appendix removed, Nurse-Anesthetist Joan Booth simply jabbed the needle of a syringe through the rubber seal on the "Surital" bottle, drew off some of the fluid, and put a little into the patient's arm through an intravenous drip tube. The child immediately went into bronchial spasms. Nurse Booth says she "never saw anything so violent." She injected a muscle relaxant and called in a staff osteopathic surgeon, Dr. Paul W. Trimmer, to put a breathing tube down the girl's windpipe. The child kept flailing the air, so Nurse Booth injected more fluid from the Surital bottle to quiet her. With no other anesthetic, but with oxygen given by machine, the doctors finished the appendectomy. Seventy minutes later, Kimberly Brunel died.

That afternoon, Trimmer and a staff pathologist did an autopsy and noted an odor of ether in the child's lungs. She was not known to have had ether, but the doctors did not mention the odor in their report. They listed "gross pulmonary edema" (waterlogging of the lungs) as the cause of death.

Grey, Then Blue. Nor did Dr. Trimmer mention ether the next morning, when he and Anesthesiologist Lloyd Goodwin were preparing Michael Ketchum, 12, for a hernia operation. Dr. Goodwin injected fluid from the same Surital bottle, and there was the same instant reaction of spasms and coughing. The boy complained that the injection burned, but Dr. Goodwin gave more of the same fluid, and the coughing ceased. The operation went smoothly, and the boy seemed to be doing well.

As the two doctors got ready to operate on Mrs. Lurea Covington, 24, a mother of two, Goodwin injected liquid from the same bottle and got the same cough-spasm reaction. Only now did he suspect that there might be something wrong with the analgesic mixture. He mixed a fresh batch, gave some to Mrs. Covington, and her operation continued with no other anes-

* A barbiturate used as a painkiller, especially as a preliminary to more potent, gaseous anesthetics.



G.I.s IN VIET NAM HIGHLANDS
After girls, topic A.

War II high of 160). A total of 213 cases were reported; of those, only six were of the "benign tertian" or *vivax* type. All other cases were caused by the far more virulent parasite, *Plasmodium falciparum*, which sets off violent fevers and may make a fatal attack on the brain, spleen or other organs.

V.C.s' Mutual Aid. The mosquito-borne malaria parasite of Viet Nam jungles shares its territory with the Viet Cong. In fact, they support each other. The Viet Cong have given the disease a free hand by preventing anti-mosquito spraying. And malaria has helped the V.C. by attacking newly arrived U.S. troops who do not share the partial immunity of men who have had malaria and recovered. It has become a truism among U.S. troops that "if you go out and catch Viet Cong, you'll also catch malaria."

More than 500 did just that in the month of October, and the total for November will probably be much higher. Hundreds of victims have already been evacuated to military hospitals around the Pacific because the armed

resistant strain of parasites. If massive doses of chloroquine fail to bring the fever down within a few hours, the medics may switch to pyrimethamine (Daraprim), which is effective in some of the less severe cases. In most instances, however, the medics are forced back to quinine, the oldest antimalarial of all. For pernicious malaria threatening the brain, quinine must be given intravenously in heavy doses, which may in itself cause death.

Despite strict malaria discipline, the Department of Defense reports that ten Americans have died in Viet Nam this year from cerebral or other complications, and researchers are intensifying the hunt for new drugs. One that shows some promise is DDS (diaphenylsulfone), normally used in leprosy. Another is a new, long-acting sulfa drug, Fansil. Malariologists are running tests with prison volunteers to see whether DDS or Fansil can be used, probably in combination with pyrimethamine, to beat back the chloroquine resistance of *falciparum* parasites in much of Southeast Asia.



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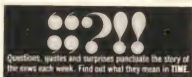
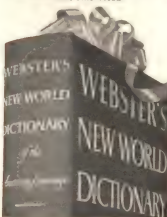
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thetic. She went to the recovery room alongside Michael Ketchum. It was not long before the boy turned ashen grey, then blue, from insufficient oxygen in his blood. So did Mrs. Covington. Despite frantic attempts at resuscitation by a belatedly alerted hospital staff, both patients died.

Where to Put It? Dr. Trimmer took both the old and the new Surital bottles to the lab for analysis. But little analysis was needed. As soon as the older bottle was unstopped, it reeked with the unmistakable odor of ether—something that had not happened when the cap had only been pierced by a syringe needle. Ether is almost always given by inhalation, and is used intravenously only in the rarest special cases (it inflames the lungs and depresses the



KIMBERLY BRUNEL



MICHAEL KETCHUM



DR. ABRAMS

How did it get in that bottle?

heart and nervous system). So how had ether got into the Surital bottle?

In his investigation, Prosecutor S. Jerome Bronson pieced together the dismal answer. When another Pontiac anesthesiologist, Dr. Stanley E. Abrams, began work in O.R. No. 1 on the day before the first fatal operation, he had found ether in the gas-anesthesia machine. Dr. Abrams prefers other anesthetics and wanted to get rid of the ether. Sometimes, in similar situations, nurses say, Dr. Abrams has casually drained ether onto the floor and let it evaporate. This time, he spotted the almost empty Surital bottle and drained the ether into that. He intended to throw the bottle away when his own operations were over. But he forgot. The bottle stayed in the operating room, mislabeled and deadly.

Prosecutor Bronson foresaw civil rather than criminal action arising from his investigation. "It is impossible," he said, "to assess major blame on one person." Then he added: "What I'm concerned about is that the whole business was so damned sloppy."

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RELIGION

CLERGY

Grapes of Wrath

A Cessna 180 piloted by Roman Catholic Priest Keith Kenny swooped low over the San Joaquin valley vineyards outside Delano, Calif. Through a bullhorn another priest, the Rev. Arnold Meagher, shouted to the cluster of Mexican grape pickers below: "Huelga! Strike! Respect the picket lines. Don't be strikebreakers."

Landing a bit later in Delano, they were met by two priests representing the local bishop, Aloysius Willinger of Monterey-Fresno. They told the flying fathers to stop inciting the strike: "The bishop feels that this is none of your business and asks that you go back to your own diocese." Protested Kenny, later on: "Where the poor are, Christ should be."

Living the Gospel. Whether the three-month-old strike, staged to get union recognition for grape pickers, is the Christian churches' business has become a dominant issue around Delano. Protagonist for involvement is the 20-year-old California Migrant Ministry, an interdenominational group supported by many local congregations and councils of churches, and until lately a welfare organization. United Presbyterian Minister Wayne C. Hartmire, 33, is the director of the ministry. He argues that "the job of the church is to make Christian love real and powerful in the lives of men. You cannot live the Gospel without getting involved in the dirty business of politics, economics, and social issues, because this is where men live their lives."

As Hartmire sees it, the plight of the grape pickers cries out to heaven. They are mostly illiterate Mexicans and Filipinos. Among them, for example, is Marcos Muñoz, who lives in a squalid

shack that he calls "something you would not let a dog enter." Another, Manuel Rivera, 52, the father of seven, works ten hours a day when he is not on strike, for the minimum wage of \$1.25 an hour. He is a grim man whose only hope is for his children; he feels that the vineyard owners "make an animal out of me. They might as well put a leash on me."

Corkscrew Soul. Hartmire and eight other Protestant ministers have lately been in jail for "unlawful assembly" while picketing. Another minister, David Havens, 29, of the Disciples of Christ, was arrested for "disturbing the peace" by reading aloud to imported strikebreakers a vivid definition by Jack London: "A scab is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a waterlogged brain, a combination backbone of jelly and glue." Strike leaders estimate that a third of the grape harvest will rot on the vines, and Harry Bridges' strike-sympathizing longshoremen have caused tons of grapes to rot on the docks by refusing to have anything to do with them. Inevitably, the strike has attracted some Berkeley students—coeds in college sweaters and wool stockings, boys in Zapata-style mustaches. "Do you find this a meaningful experience?" they ask one another.

The sight of priests and ministers abetting a strike repels the Delano Ministerial Association. It disapproves of "any ecclesiastical demonstration or interference in the farm labor situation"; they hold that the concern of the clergy must be "in the spiritual area." The grape growers are even more disgusted. WHERE ARE WE LETTING THE LEADERS OF THE CHURCH TAKE US? asked Allan Grant, president of the California Farm Bureau, in an article in the organization's monthly. The question inspired the First Presbyterian Church of Fresno,

which is north of Delano in the San Joaquin valley, to sponsor a forum on the issues of church involvement.

God Is There. Joe Brosmer, manager of a growers' association, made the case against the strike-inciting ministers: "The church cannot maintain its position of representing the Lord and at the same time be union organizers. The basic duty of the church is to provide for the spiritual welfare of all of us. The church cannot take sides and still serve God." Said Presbyterian Hartmire: "I don't see how man can experience the message of the Gospel—God loves you and believes in you and hopes for the best for you—without experiencing that love for his brothers. God makes us responsible. In all the ways we treat our brothers, God is there."

No minds were changed, of course. But in the act of bringing its struggle to the moral level, Delano has allowed Hartmire and his dedicated picket-line preachers to have their way: everybody is now involved.

THEOLOGY

Did Christ Die on the Cross?

The linchpin truth proclaimed by the Christian Gospels—"the central fact of all history," as 17th century Bishop Jacques Bossuet put it—is that Christ was crucified in Jerusalem, that he died on the cross, was buried, and on the third day rose from the dead.

If this supernaturalistic event did not take place, as unbelievers hold, it requires a natural explanation, and many have been offered. The *Gospel According to Matthew* says that on learning of the empty tomb, Jewish leaders spread the story that the disciples had stolen Christ's body. Celsus, a 2nd century anti-Christian polemicist, suggested that the Resurrection was a figment of Mary Magdalene's unbalanced mind. Sir James Frazer depicted the Resurrection as a variation of the Osiris, Atis and Adonis legends, symbolizing the death and rebirth of nature. French Author Pierre Nahor wrote that Jesus did not die on the cross but only feigned death by putting himself into a cataleptic trance.

A Careful Plot. Now, British Writer Hugh J. Schonfield, who was born in London to Orthodox Jewish parents, offers his theories in a book called *The Passover Plot*, published in England and currently causing a flurry there. He argues that while on the cross, Jesus took a drug that rendered him unconscious and made him appear dead when he was taken down, so that later he could be removed from the tomb by friends intent on restoring him to a long and healthy life.

Schonfield, 64, became interested in Christianity at 17, when he was a student of New Testament Scholar R. H. Strachan at the University of Glasgow. In a career of publishing and writing, he has increasingly concentrated on Christ. In *Passover Plot* his thesis is that Jesus



PICKET LINE AT DELANO

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believed himself to be the "expected Messiah of Israel" and that he set out deliberately to fulfill the Old Testament prophecies of the rejection of the Messiah, his suffering as expiation of the sins of the world and his ultimate triumph over death. Jesus, says Schonfield, "carefully plotted" every step of his brief public ministry so that the prophecies concerning the Messiah would be fulfilled.

From his knowledge of scriptures, Jesus believed that the "messianic drama must be acted out" in Jerusalem, the spiritual and political capital of the Jewish people. Several months before Passover, says the *Gospel According to John*, Jesus went to Jerusalem "not openly, but as it were in secret."¹ The purpose of this journey was, Schonfield guesses, to set the stage "for the drama to be enacted at the Passover" by enlisting the secret support of Lazarus, Joseph of Arimathea ("one of the great mysteries of the Gospels, a wealthy man and a member of the Sanhedrin") and others.

Careful Timing. Then, on Palm Sunday, Jesus made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, went to the temple, drove out the money-changers, denounced the religious leaders. This alarmed the priesthood, and sealed his fate. The high priest Caiaphas had already said to the Sanhedrin: "It is in your interest that one man should die for the people, rather than the whole nation perish."

Jesus, sensing Judas' cupidity, chose him as the instrument of betrayal in order to fulfill the prophecy of *Psalms*: "Mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted . . . hath lifted up his heel

against me." Jesus' "stratagem," says Schonfield, was "designed to pile on the pressure at the crucial moment and induce the traitor to act." When Mary washed his feet with precious ointment, Jesus let "fall the words about his body being anointed for burial." Like "an inspiration it came to" Judas "that money was to be made by doing what Jesus plainly wanted. The tempter came in the guise of his Master," says Schonfield.

Jesus chose "the day of his death" by allowing himself to be arrested the night before the start of Passover; he pronounced his own death sentence when answering Caiaphas' question, "Are you the Messiah?" He bluntly said, "Yes, I am." Such careful timing assured Jesus that his body would be taken down before the start of the Sabbath, in accordance with Jewish law. Thus, he was on the cross only three hours, though ordinarily it took days for a man to die from agony and exhaustion in that form of execution.

Mandrake Wine. According to plan, Schonfield suggests, Jesus' body was turned over to Joseph of Arimathea. Jesus' legs were not broken with mallets as were those of the robbers crucified with him; vinegar supplied to him by an unnamed onlooker, which in the Gospels preceded his "giving up the ghost," was probably a drug. University of California Anthropologist Michael J. Harner, corroborating Schonfield, said last week that wine made from the mandrake plant was used in Palestine to induce a deathlike state in persons who were being crucified.

Some of the plotters, Schonfield conjectures, got Jesus from the tomb during the second night, but he probably died soon thereafter from the unforeseen wound inflicted by the thrust of the Roman soldier's spear into his side. The body was then buried in another place. All of this was done in utmost secrecy because it was a capital offense under Roman law to desecrate the tombs of the dead.

The historical problem of the life of Jesus, as tackled by scholars from David Friedrich Strauss in 1835 to Albert Schweitzer and De-mythologizer Rudolf Bultmann, is that the evidence for the empty tomb and the Resurrection comes from divergent Gospel accounts. Bultmann asserted that the Resurrection is not a historical event and is "nothing other than faith in the cross as the salvation event." Schweitzer rejected both the empty tomb and the Resurrection as legendary, stressing that they were unnecessary to the truths proclaimed by Jesus in his teachings. Schonfield claims that as a Jew he has no need to torture the no-Resurrection theory into some form of support for Christianity, but he does not discredit Christ. Instead, he argues that Christ was indeed the Messiah—the Son of Man, as he thought of himself, but not the Son of God—who had been foretold by the Jewish prophets of old, and that this is glory enough.

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¹ After a painting by Ary Scheffer (1795-1858).

1. Schonfield frequently uses his own translation of the New Testament.



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Inflation at the Top

Inflation, as a topic if not a reality, was on just about everyone's mind and tongue last week. Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler saw "disturbing signs," while Commerce Secretary John Connor and Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz had words of reassurance. Lyndon Johnson asked his top economic advisers to come to the Texas ranch soon to talk about the economy, but his aides insisted that he was not really worried.

There is certainly some reason for concern about inflation. The economy is humming along at only 2% (or \$15 billion) away from what the President's Council of Economic Advisers considers its full potential. It faces a doubled federal budget deficit of \$7 billion or \$8 billion this fiscal year as a result of stepped-up spending for the Viet Nam fighting. The Bureau of Labor Statistics reported last week that consumer prices edged up again in October to a record 110.4% of their 1957-59 level, bringing the gain in the past year to 1.8%. Unemployment fell to an eight-year low of 4.2% in November, just a bit away from what the Administration considers virtual full employment. Still, the U.S. does not yet have classical inflation—a sustained price rise of more than 2% a year. Industrial production is rising faster than the supply of money required to absorb it, and wage gains have stayed comfortably ahead of price increases (see chart).

Johnson's Law. Taking aim at inflation, however tentatively, the Administration shone the spotlight on business. In a telephone address to the 65-man Business Council, the President forecast record prosperity without inflation in 1966, made it clear that he expected businessmen to exert price restraint to match the effort of servicemen in Viet Nam. Said the President: "We can pro-

duce the goods and services we require without overheating the economy." Addressing the meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers a few days later, Richard Nixon evoked many businessmen's feeling that they are bearing the main burden of holding off inflation. In dealing with inflation, said Nixon, the Administration "has tried to replace the market's law of supply and demand with Johnson's law of comply and expand—business complies and Government expands."

A big part of the debate over inflation centers on whether there should be a boost in interest rates, the classical economic medicine. Bankers have been pressing for a rise, and last week the biggest banker of all, President Rudolph A. Peterson of the Bank of America, stated their case: "A small rise in rates would not seriously dampen American business. On the contrary, it could well contribute to balanced and continued expansion of our economy." The Administration, on the other hand, has opposed any interest rise because of fears that such a rise might cut off the expansion by discouraging investment.

New Plan. In place of traditional monetary tightening, the Administration has so far tried a new, direct approach to cope with inflation. It has used a number of flexible weapons, including more stress of the guidelines and on the use of stockpiles to restrain prices. Johnson's economic advisers have been counting on such measures to hold the line for the next few months until the upward pressures on the economy can be relieved by growing plant and equipment expansion.

With that, Washington has hoped to avoid reaching for stronger anti-inflation weapons, such as raising the discount rate or increasing taxes. The plan may work. But if the new approach to inflation does not do the job in the next few months and the economy continues to heat up, Lyndon Johnson's advisers may be forced to resort to more classical means.

New Dam for the Dollar Drain

In its struggle to dam the dollar outflow, the Administration has cut tourists' take-home liquor, curbed bank loans, substituted scrip for soldiers' cash salaries in Viet Nam and even persuaded federal junketeers to stop at U.S.-run hotels abroad. Lately, it has not only leaned hard on investment by U.S. business in foreign plants and companies but has been warning that businessmen will be expected to do still more next year to help the U.S. achieve "equilibrium" in its balance of payments.

A Bone for Banks. This week the White House spelled out the new rules tightening and expanding the Administration's "voluntary" restraints on overseas business spending. Partially retroactive, onerous enough to provoke new

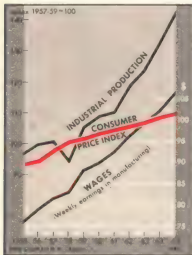


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grumbling by businessmen, the rules also implied a threat of mandatory controls if businessmen do not comply. The nation's 900 largest corporations (v. only 500 up to now) will be expected to limit their outlays in foreign countries during 1965 and 1966 to 135% of each company's annual average during 1962-64. Moreover, the Government will count undistributed profits of subsidiaries abroad as foreign investment, thus thwarting companies that have been keeping profits overseas in lieu of borrowing. To restrict another source of dollar drain, the Administration will extend the unpopular 15% interest-equalization tax on foreign borrowing in the U.S. to ten more countries (33 in all), including the oil states of the Middle East. Throwing a bone to the banks, it will allow a 4% increase in overseas loans next year (to 109% of their 1964 level).

The new brakes, the Administration feels, will slow the nation's dollar outflow by \$1 billion in 1966, thus bringing it into equilibrium—a balance of payments deficit or surplus of no more than \$250 million. Whether they will also tend to choke off investments that produce a golden stream of returning profits is another question. Voicing that fear last week, General Electric President Fred J. Borch expressed alarm at the global trend toward "resurgent nationalism" in economic affairs. "Businessmen all over the world cannot fail to be greatly concerned," he said, "about today's mushrooming restrictions on international trade and investment. Once set in motion, they will be difficult to turn back, leading to an escalation of protectionism."

One-Track Approach. However unpopular its measures may be, the Treasury has certainly missed few opportunities to keep U.S. dollars at home. When French Banker Baron Guy de Roth-



child's three-year-old colt, Diatome, won last month's Washington, D.C. International, Treasury's Fowler was right there to present the \$90,000 prize money. Fowler lost no time in expressing his hope that the baron would leave his winnings in the U.S., where they would not contribute to the payments deficit. Rothschild agreed to do just that.

WALL STREET

Two-Sided Market

Despite record profits, rising dividends and bullish forecasts for business in 1966, the stock market has been dropping for five straight weeks. As volume soared to an all-time high of 45 million shares last week, the Dow-Jones average of 30 industrials worried off another two points and closed at 946—just about where it was half a year ago. Is anything wrong? The answer is that Wall Street today is not just one market but two. While the blue chips lag and drag, investors are switching billions of dollars into lower-priced, lesser-known and more speculative issues.

Concentrated. Most of the 30 Dow-Jones stocks have not yet recaptured the highs that they fell from in last May's market break, but the 20 issues in Standard & Poor's index of low-priced stocks (less than \$20) have jumped 39% above their midyear lows. The most vigorously traded stocks lately have been highly speculative issues that have climbed spectacularly from their lows earlier this year. Among them, Transiron is up from 5 to 12½, Ampex from 13½ to 26½, Fairchild Hiller from 7 to 21, and SCM from 16½ to 56½.

The recent risers are concentrated in a few industries. In November, airline issues climbed 17.5% because the industry is highly "leveraged"—every rise in sales beyond the break-even point translates into a tremendous advance in profits. Television manufacturers rose 16.1% as a group last month because of the color TV surge, and aerospace manufacturers gained 15.1% as a result of increasing defense orders.*

Solid Base. The Dow-Jones blue chips, meanwhile, have been hammered by stiffening Government controls over the economy, worries that interest rates will go up, and uncertainty whether profits can continue to climb. American Telephone & Telegraph has slumped from 66½ to 61½ since the Federal Communications Commission six weeks ago announced a thorough investigation of its rates, and Alcoa has dropped from 74 to 66½ since the Johnson Administration cracked down on aluminum increases.

* The most spectacular performance last week occurred on the American Stock Exchange. After officers of Syntex, a supplier of basic material for oral contraceptive pills, reported that third-quarter earnings had more than tripled (to \$5,900,000), the stock soared 22½ points to 175½—the biggest single-day advance in the recorded history of the American Exchange.

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When the crowd threatens . . .

For all those blue-chip blues, the market seems solidly based and conservatively priced. Most of the trading is being done by savvy professionals and cautious institutions. Small investors account for a small (less than 10%) and steadily declining proportion of the volume. Most important, the key "price-earnings ratio" is low. Stocks in the Dow-Jones industrial average are selling for only 18.6 times their average per-share earnings—which is 7% below last year's level and 27% lower than the level just before the 1962 market break.

RETAILING

The Customer Is SO Right

The newspaper ad offered a 19-in. portable TV set for \$8.98, and crowds of pushing shoppers showed up last week at Manhattan's Masters Inc. discount store to claim the bargain. Trouble was that the price before the typographical error read \$88.98. When

Masters' clerks refused to sell the TV sets for \$8.98, the crowd threatened to get out of hand. Masters' President Jack Haizen made a quick decision: he had the store closed, ordered the sets sold for the price in the ad—though he was not legally obliged to do so—to 46 adamant customers. Cost to Masters: \$3,680.

Not every store would go quite that far, but more and more retailers are making new efforts to keep the customer happy at any cost. They need to: in a day when most stores charge roughly the same prices and sell similar merchandise, it is special consideration, quality of service and a good image that attract the quick-roving customer. Courteous salespeople are, of course, the first line of defense, and many aggressive merchandisers now hold training classes, insist that clerks learn everything about the stock. President Mildred Custin of Manhattan's Bonwit Teller trains each salesgirl to telephone special customers when interesting new merchandise arrives.

No Shoes. Beyond the salespeople, many stores are using new methods to woo the customer. During the Christmas rush, Bullock's of Los Angeles invites customers to pick up one of two lapel buttons as they enter: a "Browse 'n' poke" one that will warn salespeople away or a "Find 'n' flee" one that will get its bearer immediate service. To get maximum effect from a sale, Detroit's Martin Alpert & Son jewelry store instituted midnight to 3 a.m. hours to accommodate night-shift workers. For favored customers, I. Magnin of San Francisco will dispatch a salesperson and a fitter anywhere in the U.S. to show and fit clothes. The store picks up all expenses but sometimes sells \$10,000 worth of clothes on a trip.

For Miami visitors who want to do last-minute shopping, Jordan Marsh will send purchases by taxicab either to hotel or plane side. Jacobson's department store of Grosse Pointe, Mich., serves Saturday tea on the theory that shoppers are exhausted by week's end and welcome such a break. The Denver Dry Goods Co. requires its buyers to remain on the sales floors during peak hours, both to keep salespeople alert and to help customers with shopping problems. Sears, Roebuck reminds its repairmen to shine their shoes, and Chicago's Polk Bros. requires its delivery men to remove shoes before walking over fancy wall-to-wall carpeting.

\$25 Bill. The complaint department is no longer the cartoonist's delight. Manhattan's Abercrombie & Fitch now rotates complaint-desk personnel to prevent them from getting too offensively defensive. This fall, Montgomery Ward for the first time established customer-relations managers in its nine catalogue territories to handle complaints in the rich and rising field of telephone orders. In Atlanta, President Rolland A. Maxwell of Davison's department store answers letters of complaint personally. President Milton S.



BULLOCK'S LAPEL LABELS
... serve tea.

The Mach 3 XB-70

The XB-70—250 tons of man and machine that moves faster than a one-ounce projectile fired from a high-powered rifle.

It has flown 2,000 mph—three times the speed of sound—at 70,000 feet.

Today, with more than a score of test flights in the record book, the XB-70 is an important national asset.

As a flying research laboratory, it is a vital contributor to America's future leadership in high-speed, high-altitude military and commercial flight.

The combination of range, speed, and payload being achieved

with the XB-70 represents a major advance in the science of aircraft and systems design.


The XB-70 is the heaviest and largest aircraft designed to cruise at Mach 3 and above over long distances.

Another remarkable accomplishment is the control of temperatures within safe limits throughout

the structure and equipment installations when the outside skin temperatures reach as high as 630°F. For example, the cabin temperature is maintained at a comfortable 80°F throughout the operating range of the aircraft.

The XB-70 represents a number of outstanding engineering, manufacturing, and technological achievements. It was built for the U.S. Air Force by North American Aviation and a nationwide team of suppliers.

The Federal Aviation Agency, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and U.S. Air Force are participating, contributing, and benefiting from the flight test program.

North American Aviation 

Atomics International, Autonetics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Rocketdyne, Science Center, Space & Information Systems



A most unusual
whisky, well worth
the effort and
time; the heart whisky of
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EARLIER generations of McEwan distillers came by a certain individual process which made an unusual whisky, unlike any other. To have it, we must give to it the extra hours of pains and patience in our copper pot stills, over hand-fed fires, that allow the spirit to come over only very slowly, so impurities are left behind. What emerges is a whisky well worth the effort and time.

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Berman of Foley's in Houston recently received an itemized bill of \$25 from an irate customer who charged for her time, trouble and parking fees on an unsuccessful shopping trip. Berman paid the bill.

INDUSTRY

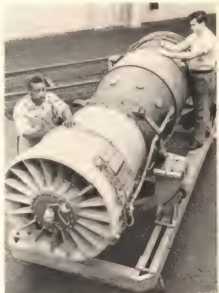
Providing Blackout Lights

For manufacturers of auxiliary power generators, the effect of last month's blackout in the Northeast has been a surge of orders. While utility executives have been explaining their failure in Federal Power Commission hearings, the equipment salesmen have been busy answering inquiries and filling orders. They are likely to become still busier as a result of last week's blackout in western Texas, New Mexico, and northern Mexico (see THE NATION).

Even before the blackouts, sales of stand-by generators to utilities had been rising—but gradually. Now, says Admiral Albert G. Mumma, executive vice president of Worthington Corp., a producer of auxiliary generators: "The immediate market for peak power has nearly doubled in importance." For one thing, the Federal Aviation Authority is urging airports, whose lack of stand-by power in the Northeast blackout shocked everyone, to put in emergency systems for landing lights and radar. Moreover, the Northeast blackout taught utilities the value of auxiliary units not only for partial power when a big generator conks out but for the vital push needed to get it started again. Utilities also find auxiliaries valuable for peak-load periods when their big steam generators often cannot fully meet the demand for power.

Obvious Value. The biggest beneficiaries of the sales surge are the makers of jet turbines, which are a compact source for stand-by power, particularly for such large needs as those of cities and airports. Manufacturers have been finding increasing nonaviation uses for jet engines (including shipboard power, heating plants and railroad trains), are eagerly exploiting the power market. The jets' value has become obvious: Holyoke, Mass., switched on its Pratt & Whitney stand-by jet when the blackout hit, two minutes later had full power. Hartford, Conn., also stayed aglow with emergency jet power. A week after the blackout, New Jersey's Public Service Electric & Gas Co. began using an eight-jet system that provides 121,000 kw. for peak loads and emergency power.

Manufacturers of smaller generators for hospitals, schools and radio stations are also enjoying hefty orders. Cummins Engine Co. expects sales of its diesel-powered generators in November and December to climb 25% above last year. Caterpillar Tractor Co. has received a rush of orders for its 13 diesel-powered models. Since the blackout, Westinghouse has sold to utilities about 40 gas-driven turbines to use as



PRATT & WHITNEY GENERATOR JET
How to stay aglow.

starters for their big generators. And for the homeowner afraid of the dark, Studebaker Corp.'s Onan division sells a suitcase-sized, 500-watt generator that is powered by home-heating oil. It is large enough to power a few lights and a radio, costs \$269.

AVIATION

The Front-Door Fliers

Businessmen who do not have their own plane these days are often considered just not with it. The speed and convenience of the 35,000 planes now owned by U.S. business have made the aircraft a major operating tool. Yet most flying executives still face a bothersome trip from office to airport, then from a landing field to their customer's office. To eliminate this time-consuming delay, some air-minded firms have launched a trend that may eventually change the nature of business travel: they are setting up shop in fly-in industrial parks that have an airstrip right at the front door.

About 200 such complexes are being planned or built. They offer a businessman greater mobility than even today's frequent airline flights allow, enable him to land right where his business is, bypassing airports, taxis and traffic. Industrial airports are commonest in the West and Southwest (Texas already has at least 70), but others are in operation or being planned near such places as St. Louis, Cleveland, Cape Kennedy and Washington, D.C.

Food & Golf. At Dallas' Addison Airpark, six plants are operating, and lots for 45 others have been sold in the park's 75 acres. The park has a mile-long runway that can handle twin-engine jets, is home base for 309 planes. The 703-acre Skywest Park being developed at Hayward, Calif., includes an

UniRoyal
is taking over
in 23
countries.

Great, man!
(who's UniRoyal?)



Peace.

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And what's wrong with the good, old-fashioned name of U.S. Rubber?

Ah, you just put your finger on it. The name, U.S. Rubber, no longer fits because it doesn't even begin to describe the modern, adventuring, researching, pioneering U.S. Rubber Company. Specifically, we have 28 research and manufacturing centers in 23 countries—we do business in 150 countries—and

half of the things that come from them have very little to do with rubber. For example:

Royalex,® a thermoplastic for auto and truck bodies which is not only harder to dent than steel but, if dented, pops back as good as new under heat. Sexy Eskiloo® boots for the ladies and Keds,® the hard-wearing, arch-supported canvas footwear for the whole family. Wet suits for aquanauts. Polycrest,® our new olefin fiber, that's more stain resistant than any other kind of carpet fiber alive. Alanap,® a smart weed killer for weeds that are too smart for other weed killers. SBR, a synthetic rubber (from which we make our Rain Tires™ and Tiger Paws™) that's

tougher, safer and longer-lasting than natural rubber. And, just to keep our hand in, we make bottle stoppers. Out of natural rubber.

Uniroyal stands for all these products and many, many more. It also stands for people who collectively speak 150 languages and dialects; it stands for paychecks in 150 different kinds of money.

Most of all, Uniroyal stands for a company that is now meeting the research and manufacturing needs of the whole polyplot world—instead of simply the needs of the country it was born in. That's progress with a capital "U."

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adjacent 18-hole golf course. Executives
of the first company there, Mack
Trucks, Inc., soon will be able to fly a
visitor to their plant door, feed him in
the planned 90-room hotel and res-
taurant, play a round of golf with him,
and fly him back to his office the same
day. Outside Washington, a developer
is turning the Montgomery County
(Md.) airport into an airpark, already
has 170 aircraft based there. A golf-
cart manufacturer is building beside the
airstrip, and IBM, Fairchild Hiller,
Sprague Electronics, Bechtel Corp., and
the National Bureau of Standards are
building nearby.

Such airpark sites are particularly at-
tractive to manufacturers of light, high-
value products (such as electronic com-
ponents) that can be shipped by air, and
to construction and research firms
whose high-salaried officials must travel
often. Many businessmen who locate in
airparks pilot the planes themselves. Le-



AIRPARK IN ST. LOUIS
Equal to another salesman.

roy Lott, a salesman for Bank Building
& Equipment Corp., covers Texas and
Oklahoma from Addison Airpark, says
his Cessna's speed and convenience is
about the equivalent of "another sales-
man working in my territory."

Taxiing Home. Smaller cities, by-
passed by the transcontinental jets, see
the airpark as a way to attract new
light industry. La Crosse, Wis., is build-
ing a hundred-acre park next to its
municipal airport, and Manchester,
N.H., and Lincoln, R.I., both have set
up nonprofit trusts to lease sites in
their new airparks. Last week Atlanta
Industrial Designer H. McKinley Con-
way Jr., who has planned several air-
parks, flew to Meridian, Miss., to confer
with town officials who want to build
one there. There is, of course, still the
problem of commuting between home
and work—but the Sierra Sky Park in
Fresno, Calif., has solved even that.
Owners of its 105 residential lots can
land on the community airstrip, taxi
up to their homes, then park in their
own planeport.



A PRODUCT OF



1966 Fairlane GT

The Wizard of "Aah's"... new 1966 Fairlane

Now Fairlane swings out with a great new look, new models — including three of the newest convertibles on the road!

You get the idea when you take your first look at the '66 Fairlane GT convertible. Standard equipment includes bucket seats, sporty console, big 390 cubic-inch V-8, and more. GT has options like GT/A, which

means Sport Shift Cruise-O Matic, our new automatic transmission that you can also shift like a manual. Some car! New this year too are an XL convertible, a Squire wagon with Magic Doorgate (swings open like a door for people and swings down like a tailgate for cargo!). This year we re-invented Fairlane. Drive one today and see!

AMERICA
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FORD
MUSTANG FALCON FAIRLANE
FORD THUNDERBOLT

CONTINENTAL

GOLDEN JETS

THE AIRLINE WITH THE EXTRAS



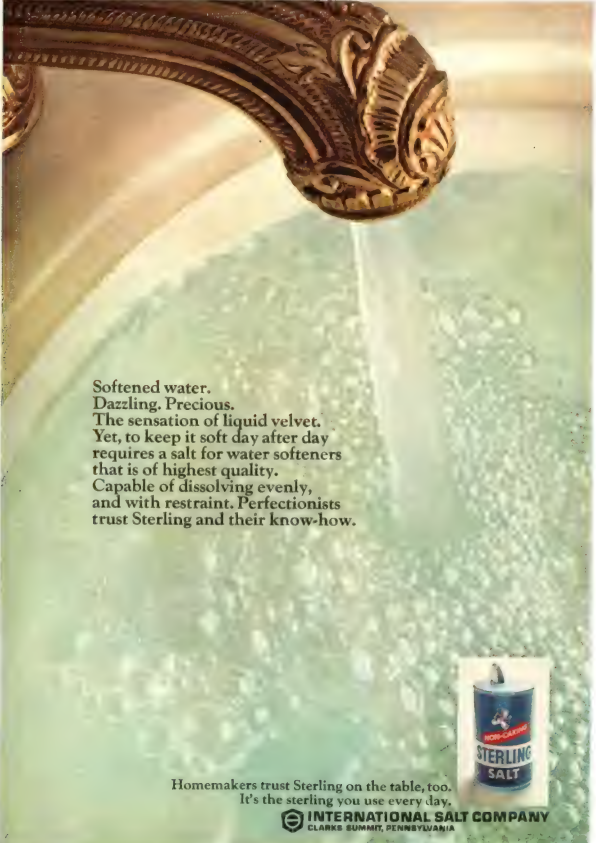
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The sensation of liquid velvet.
Yet, to keep it soft day after day
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Capable of dissolving evenly,
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trust Sterling and their know-how.

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enjoy Benedictine



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For there is only one
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for over 400 years at
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most distinguished liqueur.



LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY. 86 PROOF

WORLD BUSINESS

ASIA

A New Temple

Centuries of strife and poverty have made enmity a habit and cooperation a rarity in Asia. Last week the Asians took a giant stride away from the old ways and toward a spirit of mutual help. Meeting in Manila, 160 delegates from 26 nations (18 of them Asian) put the finishing touches on the long-needed Asian Development Bank launched in October in Bangkok. After intense but polite lobbying on all sides to win a nod for the location of the new bank's headquarters, the Asian delegates unexpectedly settled on Manila.

Historic Moment. The bank is not only Asia's first common banking venture, but one of the very few joint ventures of any kind brought to fruition in Asian history. Burma's U Nyun, executive secretary of the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, sensed a historic moment as he troweled cement onto the cornerstone of what will become a ten-story headquarters building. "When historians look back from the future on this structure-to-be," he said, "they will say that it was the new financial temple of Asia." Eugene Black, former World Bank president and now a special adviser to Lyndon Johnson on Asian development, read a message from the President: "Your initiative has captured the imagination of us all."

The bank, a regional version of the World Bank, will fight Asia's crushing poverty by financing such sinews as industry, power, roads and transport. Jetting around the globe, teams led by gaunt Cornelio Balmaqueda, the Philippines' Commerce Minister, have raised \$936 million in capital for the banking marriage of East and West. Asian governments, which will control the bank, supplied \$641 million of that money, the U.S. another \$200 million. Europe left the bank shy of its goal of \$1 billion in capital by pledging a disappearing \$70 million; France and the U.S.S.R. stayed out, and Britain offered only a paltry \$10 million.

Crucial Cruise. The battle to win the bank's new site was spirited. Japan expended every weapon it could force to acquire the bank for Tokyo, Asia's crossroads of commerce. Tokyo actually led on the first ballot, but others were active too. Thailand pressed for Bangkok, which is becoming Southeast Asia's regional U.N. center. Manila boasted that its schools turn out plentiful trained personnel for banks. Bids were made by Teheran, Kuala Lumpur and Colombo. Finally, the Philippine delegation suavely stymied lobbying for rival cities with a reception for conference-goers and a lengthy dinner cruise around Manila Bay, ostensibly to celebrate their bank governor's birth-

day. That seemed to clinch things. On the final ballot next day, the Asian nations gave Manila nine votes to Tokyo's eight. In order to allow everyone to save face, an important commodity in Asia, they decided that there could be no losers, insisted on calling the vote unanimous.

EASTERN EUROPE

Hunters Behind the Curtain

Into East Europe's shaggy capitals each day come scores of eager and secretive men from Western Europe. They are businessmen who have found that it pays to do business with the Communists. Their credentials are impec-

Spice & Calories. The most successful salesmen are the least popular ones: the West Germans, whose high enthusiasm and low prices have overcome some of the postwar bitterness. To negotiate deals, West German companies send in up to a dozen men. Other Western countries also give solicitous service, sometimes dispatch salesmen born in Eastern Europe—or eminent public personalities. Recently Denmark's Prime Minister Jens Otto Krag visited Eastern Europe to sell some goods, and Britain's Lord Snowdon jetted to Prague to talk with Czech buyers at a British industrial design show there.

Fast-moving businessmen now get quicker visas at airports because the



WEST GERMANS SHOWING EQUIPMENT AT CZECH TRADE FAIR
It helps to have an enormous capacity for vodka.

cably blue chip—Krupp, Volvo, Renault, Imperial Chemical Industries. By day, they hustle off to talk trade with ministers, plant managers and bureaucrats. By night, they cluster in the crowded bars and dining rooms of the hotels frequented mostly by foreigners: Warsaw's Bristol, Prague's Alcron, Bucharest's Athénée Palace. More than at any other time in the postwar era, Eastern Europe is a prime hunting ground for businessmen.

The hunting is getting better, though Eastern Europe still buys scarcely 4% of Western Europe's exports. Recently Austria's VOEST sold an entire steel plant to Czechoslovakia. France's Renault signed up to build an auto assembly plant for the East Germans; in Poland, the British Motor Corp. is fighting Italy's Fiat for the contract to build an auto factory. Last week outside Ploesti in Rumania, Illinois' Universal Oil Products prepared to break ground for a \$22.5 million cracking plant—one of the biggest U.S. construction jobs ever undertaken behind the Iron Curtain.

Communist countries have markedly relaxed travel restrictions this year. Once they arrive, the salesmen usually head directly for the ministries that they want to sell to; anybody from a well-known company can win a quick audience. Competition among the Westerners is so ferocious that they seldom talk with each other and prefer to socialize with their Communist customers. This leads to a lot of overeating, undersleeping and hangovers. The Easterners enjoy treating their capitalist guests to marathon meals, brassy nightclubs and the other delights of bourgeois Bolshevism. Says Günter Friedrich, head of Depolma, a German-Polish trading company: "You have to have an enormous capacity for vodka and an endless stock of jokes—particularly political jokes and spicy ones."

Not Marx but Marks. The Eastern Europeans are adept at playing one Western company off against another, haggle endlessly over percentage points and specifications, but invariably live up to the terms of a deal and pay prompt-

What goes on Over-the-Counter?

A lot. Because the "over-the-counter market" is the world's biggest securities market—where more than 40,000 different stocks and bonds are traded. It offers a variety of issues that cover virtually the entire range of investment interests.

Here experienced investors look for "beginning stocks" that show unusual potential for growth.

Here the income-minded investor can find seasoned stocks that have paid dividends every year for more than 100 years.

Here institutional buyers and other conservative investors look for government, municipal, and corporate bonds.

In short, the over-the-counter market is all things to all kinds of investors.

And yet, surprisingly enough, it's a market that is completely overlooked by many investors.

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ly. The real barrier to trade expansion is the East's shortage of hard money. To make up for that, Western European firms have lately begun to extend credits up to ten years and to accept partial payment in such goods as Rumanian machine tools and Czech ore. U.S. businessmen are generally much less enthusiastic and imaginative about Eastern trade, but that situation may change if—as expected—Congress next year lowers tariffs to encourage exchange by granting most-favored-nation status to those satellites that do not yet have it.

FRANCE

A Lesson from Levitt

Postwar prosperity has enabled Western Europe to catch up with the U.S. standard of living in such basic human needs as food and clothing. When it comes to housing, though, most of the Continent still lags decades behind. New

by last week had put down \$100 deposits for the 510 homes planned for the site. No wonder. Though Levitt's tile-roofed masonry houses cost about 25% more than they would in the U.S., their prices run about 25% below those of other homes for sale around Paris. They also come equipped with such Gallic rarities as closets, kitchen ranges and refrigerators. "My only problem," says Levitt, "is producing enough of them."

In France as in most of Europe, cranes and precast concrete wall sections enable increasing numbers of tall apartment buildings to be built swiftly. But single homes have resisted the industrial techniques that are commonplace in the U.S. Contractors get in one another's way, run out of materials, even quit to work on a second project before they finish the first one. Workmen, though skilled, handcraft things the way their grandfathers did. The re-



MODEL HOME IN LE MESNIL-SAINT-DENIS NEAR PARIS
A good show in the modern way.

European housing often looks elegant from the outside, but much of it is backward in kitchen equipment, bathroom layout, floor plans, heating, plumbing and lighting—the innards that make the shell truly livable.

The gap yawns nowhere wider than in France, where 51 years of rent control have helped create a gargantuan housing shortage. Thus it is not surprising that the French have enthusiastically greeted an invasion by Long Island's William J. Levitt, the U.S.'s biggest homebuilder (fiscal 1965 sales: \$60 million). More than 60,000 Frenchmen have poured out of Paris to gape at Levitt's recently opened American-style subdivision in suburban Le Mesnil-Saint-Denis (pop. 2,000).

Gallic Rarities. Lured by neat three- to five-bedroom models priced from \$22,000 to \$33,700 on generous-size 6,458 sq.-ft. lots, 1,111 French families

sult: low output at high cost. Levitt, who will use 99% French-made materials and equipment, is gambling that he can teach his French contractors and workmen to build Levitt-style, feels that eventually housing can be built in France for the same price as in the U.S.—or even for less.

Spreading Out. So desperate is France's need for more housing that even Levitt's French competitors cheer his venture—the first such in Europe by a U.S. builder. "He's helping to fill the need," says Builder Jacques Boulais, "and he's giving French contractors a good lesson in the modern way to build a house." Levitt has already lined up land for a second project near Paris next year. After that he plans to spread out to Marseille, other French cities and northern Italy. In ten years, he predicts, his company will be producing as much housing abroad as in the U.S.



Watch vs Accutron®: why they can't agree.

A watch is a machine. It uses a balance wheel mechanism that wears, gets dirty and tells fibs. The Accutron timepiece does not use these parts. Instead, the unchanging vibrations of a tuning fork split every second into 360 parts and we (Bulova) guarantee accuracy within one minute a month.

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1921 patented balance wheel continued to get wind, oil, and dirt. Accutron watches. This one's real still. Accutron movement.



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TYPING - SECRETARIAL SERVICE
 KEY-PUNCHING - EDITORIAL
 GENERAL OFFICE
 DICTATION - TYPE
 CLERICAL
 P. S. & O.
 CALCULATING
 TYPING
 RECEIVING
 BOOKKEEPING
 SWITCHBOARD OPERATION

BOOKKEEPING - FILING - RECEIVING
 CALCULATING - TYPING
 RECEPTION - SECRETARIAL
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 BOOKKEEPING
 SWITCHBOARD OPERATION

BOOKKEEPING - FILING - RECEIVING
 CALCULATING - TYPING
 RECEPTION - SECRETARIAL
 SWITCHBOARD
 TABULATING
 TRANSLATING
 TYPING
 RECEIVING
 BOOKKEEPING
 SWITCHBOARD OPERATION

MILESTONES

Born. To Crown Prince Akihito, 31. No. 1 son of Japan's Emperor Hirohito, and Princess Michiko, 31; their second child, second son; in Tokyo.

Married. Henry Fonda, 60, Hollywood's Jack-of-all-parts turned bewildered father of Broadway's *Generation*; and Shirlee Mae Adams, 33, former American Airlines stewardess; he for the fifth time (his others: Actress Margaret Sullivan, Socialites Frances Brokaw, Susan Blanchard and Aldera Franchetti); in Mincola, L.I., where New York Supreme Court Justice Edwin R. Lynde sternly admonished: "No couple I have married has broken apart. I don't expect you to."

Died. Erich Apel, 48, East Germany's chief economic planner; by his own hand (method unannounced); in East Berlin. Since his predecessor also committed suicide, the East Germans called Apel's death "a sudden uncontrolled reaction" brought on by "overburdened nerves." They were especially embarrassed since it took place three days after he had concluded a new five-year trade pact with the Russians.

Died. Bernard Bloch, 58, professor of linguistics at Yale University, who in World War II devised an invaluable short-cut method of teaching spoken Japanese based on phonetics and idioms that opened up the immensely complicated language to thousands of Allied interpreters, is now in standard use throughout the U.S.; of congestive heart failure; in New Haven, Conn.

Died. Hugh Latimer Dryden, 67, deputy chief of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration; of cancer; in Washington. Dryden, as he liked to say, grew up with aviation—and the U.S. Government's stake in it; his physicist's talents took him through virtually every major project beginning with the first significant research into air turbulence. He was slated to be NASA's chief when the space agency was formed in 1958, but then bluntly told an over-anxious Congress that rushing a man into suborbital flight made no more sense than "shooting a woman out of a cannon at a circus." Dryden settled for No. 2 and the chance to exert a restraining influence on the young scientist racing pell-mell to the moon.

Died. William Neal Deramus, 77, chairman of the Kansas City Southern Railway, who started out as a kerosene lamplighter at 14, held every job from telegrapher to chief dispatcher until he became president of the 1,647-mile road in 1941, thereafter earning a reputation as one of the more successful leaders of a generally depressed industry by increasing freight and diversifying into moneymaking sidelines; of pneumonia; in Kansas City, Mo.

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CINEMA

Timeless Twosome

Laurel and Hardy's *Laughing 20's* pays gleeful tribute to the most durable tandem sight gag ever sprung from Hollywood's Golden Age of comedy. Cinema Anthologist Robert Youngson (*Days of Thrills and Laughter, When Comedy Was King*) distills the best of this hilarious film from one- and two-reelers made before 1930. His narrative is merely connective tissue, and for no clear reason he rabbits in glimpses of Charley Chase and Max Davidson, two nearly forgotten second bananas from the Hal Roach studio. But blinking, head-scratching Stan Laurel and slow-burning, tie-twiddling Oliver Hardy are impossible to forget, as a new generation of viewers has learned after catching the act in some of TV's most inaccessible time slots.

Laughing 20's melts resistance with



HARDY & LAUREL IN "LAUGHING 20'S"
Orchestrated slapstick.

the team's first co-starring effort, *Putting Pants on Philip*, made in 1926 under Supervising Director Leo McCarey, with George Stevens as cameraman. Stan plays a kilted skirt-chaser, accompanied by shamefaced Ollie through shrewdly orchestrated slapstick études. *From Soup to Nuts* is a tiny masterpiece of physical comedy, as rigorously controlled as ballet in its step-by-step demolition of an elegant dinner party by two nincompoop waiters for whom a dog, a banana peel, three whipped-cream cakes, and a lady in a sliding tiara add up to disaster. The theme of tit-for-tat destruction, a comedy cliché raised to classic stature by Laurel and Hardy, is the starting point for an excerpt from their pie-in-the-face epic *Battle of the Century*. Whether dangling from the girders of an unfinished skyscraper, flattening a bungalow as they build it, or luring a horse onto a

grand piano, they are pluperfect clowns.

Laurel and Hardy were virtually the only silent comedy stars to repeat their phenomenal success in talkies, probably because their miming spoke louder than words. Stan remained a model of amiable imbecility, impervious to thought. Ollie, a bloh just a shade brighter, bumbled his way through every difficulty with ineffable grace, slowly building up vast reserves of despair, self-pity and frustration that only a long pained look into the camera could dispel.

The subtle genius of Chaplin's tramp or of Keaton's mote in the eye of an incomprehensible universe lay beyond the range of Laurel and Hardy. But they were lovable caricatures of the dolt in Everyman, a bow and fiddle striking delightfully dissonant chords in a mad world. Witless innocence was their hallmark. It purifies even a 20's sequence in which they are pursued, clad in underdrawers, by a pair of gorgon wives toting a shotgun to avenge some fancied infidelity—as they round the corner of an apartment house, a shotgun blast brings dozens of men tumbling out of all the doors and windows, each dragging his trousers behind him. The art of Laurel and Hardy has already enchanted millions, from Marshal Tito (who owns a library of their films) to Master Mimic Marcel Marceau. *Laughing 20's* should bring new converts into the fold.

Creepy Comedy

That Darn Cat. Come December, Walt Disney can be relied upon to deliver a big, bright Christmasy gewgaw for the holiday trade. Sometimes it is a stray animal epic, sometimes a folksy romantic comedy, sometimes a wholesome teen-age adventure. This year it is all three, wrapped around the substantial screen presence of Hayley Mills, who goes gumshoeing on the trail of a criminal tomcat while her sister (Dorothy Provine) scrutinizes FBI Agent Dean Jones. Hayley nips through her role as though English accents were an absolute must among subdebs of Southern California, and Scrooge himself might unbend when she reports saucily to the FBI: "I have some information about one of your crimes."

The cat Hayley lets out of the bag is a Siamese. Male. Blue-eyed. Seal point. She calls him "D.C.," which means "darn cat" but nonetheless has a nice bureaucratic ring to it. Quite appropriate, since D.C. is soon to be photographed and paw-printed, and have federal investigators on his tail. They are interested because he came home wearing a wristwatch, which may have been slipped around his neck by a kidnapped lady bank teller (Grayson Hall). Suppose the teller is right in the neighborhood? Suppose a pair of psychotic holdup men (Frank Gorshin, Neville Brand) are itching to do away with her



HAYLEY MILLS WITH "CAT"
Hairy chase.

so they can leave town with their swag?

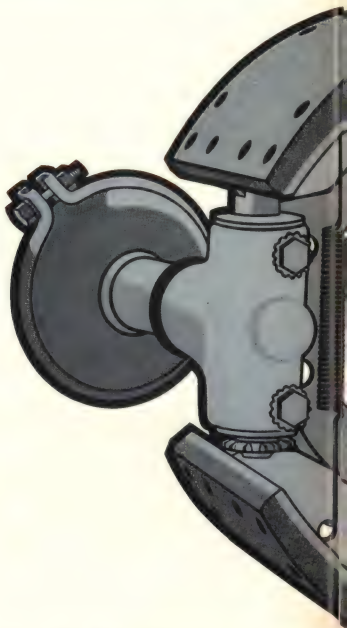
Despite its amiable air, this thriller could do with a few less supposes, a few more surprises. Of course, J. Edgar Hoover's man Jones has an allergy to felines. He sneezes a lot as D.C. leads everyone a hairy chase over fences, under bushes, and through one hilarious mixup at a drive-in movie, cleverly avoiding the crooks' hideout until the very last reel. Meanwhile, eccentric comedy bits are supplied by Roddy McDowall, Ed Wynn, Elsa Lanchester and gravel-throated Iris Adrian.

Though *Cat* is often too cute for words, it is not too cute for music. A soundtrack orchestra plays so puckishly that seasoned Disney fans are apt to expect an interlude of mating tarantulas. Instead Uncle Walt opts for a conventional fur-flying climax, and by fadeout time the heroic Siamese has somehow sired a litter of adorable kittens. Such bounties adequately fill a kid's stocking, but parents not previously afflicted with cat allergy may well feel the first faint sniffle.

Good God

Johnny Nobody. In a peaceful Irish village, a blasphemous American author (the late William Bendix) enrages the Roman Catholic townsfolk by denying the existence of God and defying whatever powers he to strike him dead. A stranger (Aldo Ray) steps out of a church and shoots him. Soon after, the anonymous killer, dubbed "Johnny Nobody" by press and public because he appears to be amnesic, is tried for murder. Defense counsel calls his chief witness, the village priest, and asks bluntly: "Do you believe that act was the direct intervention of Almighty God?"

The question may sound foolish, but it does give the movie consistency. When evidence turns up that Ray is a rival author, the Almighty is more or less exonerated, leaving this inspirational British thriller with no suspect worth a second thought. Actor Nigel Patrick directed *Nobody* and also cast himself as the sleuth-priest, thereby risking double jeopardy. The devil knows why.

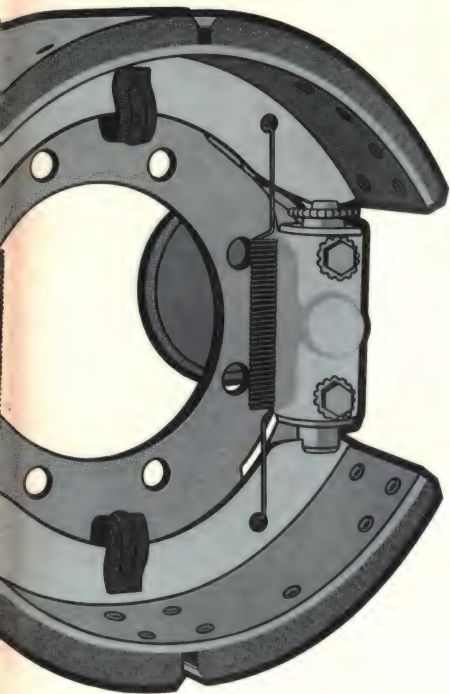


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Christmas Avalanche

Book publishers understandably tend to save their richest and most expensive books for the Christmas season. Color reproduction improves yearly, and there are few places any more where the roving camera is denied entrance. The result is an avalanche of big books, bedazzling to the eye and bewildering to the judgment of the hurried shopper. Here-with a guide to the best among them:

GUNS by Dudley Pope. 254 pages. Delacorte. \$20. The first known cannon, which resembled a funeral urn, barked some six centuries ago. Mankind has since improved the methods of mass destruction with an ingenuity that becomes distressingly evident in these pages. As early as 1453, the Turks lobbed 800-lb. shells at the walls of Constantinople. The revolver, the rifled barrel and the machine gun all date from the 17th century or earlier. By the early 1800s there were carved pistols that fired around corners and a cannonball that burst just beyond the muzzle into honed sword blades—a rude forerunner of the grenade. Dudley Pope, a naval historian and author of several books, has drafted a text of deadly fascination, set off by 350 illustrations that begin with the invention of gunpowder and end with the armaments of World War II.

LENINGRAD by Nigel Gosling. 252 pages. Dutton. \$25. Leningrad, formerly St. Petersburg, lies on the bleak landscape of Communist Russia like an ornate brooch, a city unexpectedly and astonishingly brilliant with its canals and palaces and blue-and-white cathedrals and marble statues and gilded domes glinting in the wintry sun. Author Gosling, art critic of London's Observer, and Photographer Colin Jones have successfully limned the luminous city built by that savage giant, Peter the Great (1672-1725), along the soggy shores of the Neva. It became the seat of the czars and of Russian culture: Pushkin,

Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Gogol, Turgenev, Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov all gathered there. Today, as Photographer Jones's camera reveals, Leningrad's drab citizens move through Leningrad's loveliness like trespassers.

EVEREST: THE WEST RIDGE by Thomas F. Hornbein. 198 pages. Sierra Club. \$25. The sheer sight of Mount Everest, its 29,028-ft. summit supporting the roof of the world, strikes awe in the hearts of mountaineers and non-mountaineers alike. It is a pity that this otherwise magnificent full-color photographic record of the 1963 U.S. expedition includes only one full portrait of the mountain, and that a distant one. The book also could have supplied a map tracing the Americans' course, as well as the routes of the two other successful climbs, the first being the British expedition of 1953. Even so, these 90 color plates rank among the best ever taken of any climb. Dr. Hornbein, a member of the expedition, wrote the text from his diary and from tapes recorded on Everest's vertiginous flanks.

FASHION by Milla Contini. 321 pages. Odyssey. \$12.95. After studying *haute couture* from the Pharaohs forward, Signora Contini, an Italian journalist, concludes that women dress that way to entice men. Her verdict is scarcely as edifying as the 550 illustrations, which show that nearly every current style has ancient ancestry. Nefertiti's pleated tunic would draw envious stares at a Met opening night. Roman women carried collapsible umbrellas. In 18th century France coiffures soared higher than they do in today's discotheques.

LA BELLE FRANCE. 300 pages. Golden Press. \$19.95. Where do cookbooks go? Into the kitchen, behind a cabinet door, to collect smears of bacon fat and to be consulted only at moments of cu-

linary need. This cookbook, prepared by the editors of *Réalités* magazine in Paris, breaks all the rules. *La Belle France* divides Gaul into ten regions, each with its own *spécialités*—Normandy for cheeses, Alsace-Lorraine for the richest *pâté*—and brings the tour to life with a host of savory photographs of the locale, many in color, that should keep the book out of the kitchen and in the living room, where it belongs. Its 400 recipes, tested by Alfred Guérot, late president of the World Federation of Culinary Societies, and other Gallic gastronomes, plot delectable journeys to specific gourmet delights, which invariably taste better in French (*Potée à la Bourguignonne*, for instance, is nothing but humble pork stew).

FAMILY by Margaret Mead. 208 pages. Macmillan. \$10. The strength of this book is its simplicity. Under such broad headings as Mothers, Fathers, The Child Alone, Friends and Adolescents, Anthropologist Margaret Mead has distilled a lifetime's wisdom about that most enduring of human institutions, the family. She cannot resist pontificating a bit, but the photographs by Photographer Ken Heyman make up for it. Taken over seven years in many countries for just this book, they say more, and say it better, than the text.

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING by Pierre Dumont, Ronald Barker and Douglas B. Tubbs. 204 pages. Viking. \$28.50. By the authors' reckoning, the Golden Age of automobiling began with the century in France, and ended 25 years ago. That period embraces a time when the finest cars were designed, fueled and driven with love and care—the same emotions that produced this book. The most youthful entry in Illustrator Dumont's four-color catalogue of conveyances is the Packard 180, a rakish *coupé de ville* last manufactured in 1940. Otherwise, the handcrafted bodies on display here are now preserved only in automobile museums and

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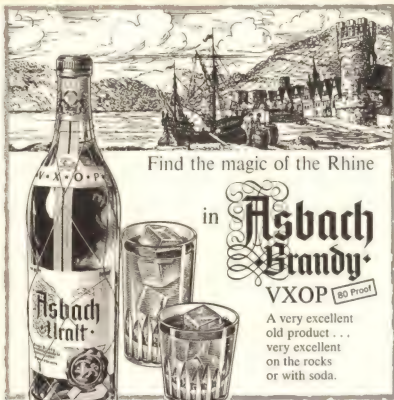
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THE FIFTY-THREE STAGES OF THE TOKAIDO by Hiroshige. 123 pages. East-West Center Press. \$10.50. Hiroshige, a fireman's son who died in 1858, spent years carving in cherrywood the 53 stages or stops along the Tokaido, the Emperor's Road that winds 250 seascaling miles from Kyoto to Tokyo. These incomparable woodblock prints, here reproduced in Hiroshige's own bold colors and almost to the original size (about 9 in. by 14 in.) make a significant and sometimes neglected point: what the artist deliberately omits the enchanted viewer will supply.

THE ART OF THE PUPPET by Bil Baird. 251 pages. Macmillan. \$17.50. Puppeteer Bil Baird's book is not a history but an appreciation of the theatrical form whose genesis, lost in time, goes back thousands of years. Punch and Judy were born before Diarist Samuel Pepys, who watched their antics in the 17th century. Punch's ancestor, a hook-nosed Turkish bully named Karaghioz, preceded him by several centuries. The special exaggerated magic of the marionette, which lives only in the minds of its spectators and often requires three human puppeteers to give it movement, is affectionately evoked by a man who has been quickening his own mannequins for 40 years.

For book lovers who prefer to do their browsing at home, there are gift books produced by foreign publishers, and made available only through the International Book Society (a division of Time Inc.). Prospective buyers must apply for membership (free) and order by mail. Best of the current offerings:

PRIVATE VIEW by Bryan Robertson, John Russell and Lord Snowdon. 298 pages. Nelson. \$18. Lord Snowdon's marriage to Princess Margaret has not interrupted his professional career. His camera plays with lively, inventive and sometimes mischievous effect on the faces and figures that comprise Britain's art establishment. On a pedestal in the basement of the Tate Gallery, surrounded by cooed statues that have fallen from public favor, sits Sir John Rothenstein, looking a bit discarded himself (he was on the eve of retirement as the Tate's director). Britain's new generation of artists are shown in their untidy studio lairs, and although their names may not resonate beyond art circles, Lord Snowdon brings them all very much to life. The artists are represented by specimens of their work, many in color. Text by Bryan Robertson.

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director of London's Whitechapel Art Gallery, and Art Critic John Russell of the London Sunday Times.

THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES. 261 pages. Herder Freiburg. \$19. When Troy fell 3,000 years ago, the warrior Odysseus, king of Ithaca, set sail for home. The direct route was only 550 miles, but Odysseus was blown all over the Mediterranean, took ten years to reach his native land. Homer first recorded the voyagers' adventures in his epic poem *The Odyssey*. Now Photographer Erich Lessing has trained his camera on the very scenes that may have met the voyagers' astonished eyes: the shores of Dierba, off the Tunisian Coast, where Odysseus—here given his Roman name of Ulysses—tarried among the Lotus Eaters; the brooding Lake Avernus in Italy, where he descended into the Underworld; the bay of Port Vathy, where at last the voyage ended on the sands of home. Lessing has overburdened his superb pictures with too much borrowed text. The Homeric passages that embellish the pictures would have sufficed.

GREAT TAPESTRIES, edited by Joseph Jobé. 278 pages. Edita, S.A. \$22.50. In medieval times, tapestries were functional: they hid the bleak stone expanses of château walls, and their woolen thickness helped keep out the cold. But utility can lead to art, and the art of weaving came to its finest flower in the textured murals that are sumptuously spread through these pages with such fidelity that the beholder wants to touch them. The book's first three sections explore the history of tapestry weaving, a history still being written by those—among them Lurçat and Miró—who have revived this ancient art. The fourth and last section, by François Tabard, master weaver at Aubusson in France, explains the techniques.

A Practiced Hand

THE LITTLE SAINT by Georges Simenon. 186 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.50.

"When I don't write, I am sick." The statement possibly explains why Georges Simenon, at 62, has hardly been sick a day in his life. At 16, as a high school dropout in Liège, Belgium, he finished his first novel. At 19, he began producing prose for the Paris pulp at the rate of 80 pages a day. In less than four years he knocked out "more than 300" (the soon lost count) novels and novelettes, and once actually splattered off a quite readable novel in 25 hours. At 25, he dropped his 17 pseudonyms, invented Inspector Maigret, and wrote the first of "more than 60" detective novels that have made him the most famous of French whodunists. In his 30s he began to write an occasional straight novel (*The Snow Is Black*, *The Bells of Bicêtre*), and he wrote them with such fierce finesse that André Gide pronounced him "perhaps the greatest

and most truly novelistic novelist in French literature today."

In his 500th novel, give or take a dozen or two, Simenon accepts a handicap that only a master could overcome: *The Little Saint* is a book in which nothing happens. The hero is "a perfectly serene character, in immediate contact with nature and life." All through his boyhood in a poor quarter of Paris he sees pictures in his head; all through his adult life he translates these pictures into paintings. His life is a variety of religious experience—scarcely an exciting subject for fiction. Simenon nevertheless discovers a shimmering excitement in the subject. He sets up two poles of vitality—a creative genius and the seething slum he inhabits—and then calmly



SIMENON

Nothing happens but creation.

records the patterns that propagate between them.

The author's style is simple, swift, and so lucid that the reader always sees exactly what Simenon wants him to see but never quite how Simenon makes him see it. In this case, Simenon makes the reader see how the creative process actually proceeds, and at the same time achieves one of the few absolutely lovable characters he has ever created. "If I were allowed to keep only one of my novels," he remarked not long ago with unaccustomed self-satisfaction, "I would choose this one." It is indeed one of the finest sections in the all-too-human comedy of this barbone Balzac.

Justice for the Justice

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR by Walker Lewis. 556 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$7.50.

When the old man finally died at the age of 87, President Lincoln dutifully came calling at his modest home on Indiana Avenue for a final look at his gaunt face before the coffin was closed. But for all the solemn condolences, there was no real sorrow in official Washington when Chief Justice Roger

We thought we'd seen everything. Then we saw Punta del Este.



We had taken several long looks at the White Cliffs of Dover. We had watched the dawn come up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay. And we thought we had seen everything in between.

Then, one cold day last December, a doctor friend embarked on a nonstop travelogue about a warm place called Punta del Este and, before he was through, we'd made up our minds to fly to South America to find it.

Punta del Este is, it turned out, just a short drive from Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, which is a pleasant Pan Am flight from New York.

Like most of the shoreline around Montevideo, Punta del Este is miles of soft, white beaches, with temperatures rarely above 80, and life in general an utter whirl.

You can take in a polo match as easily as a regatta and, for do-it-yourself people, there's everything from golf to aquaplaning. The casinos are marvelous and the people unpretentious.

Prices are almost too low to be true. For instance, a comfortable room for two costs as little as \$6 a day.

But don't get the idea Punta del Este is all there is to South America. There's a lot more. And it's easy to see.

Pan Am can show you everything from Caracas to Brasilia, Rio, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

And, from there, you can fly Panagra west to Chile and its Swiss-like lakes, north to Lima, then on to Ecuador for snow-topped volcanoes and a red-rooftopped city called Quito.

We flew home from there—convinced we'd seen everything.

A brief airline commercial: Nobody knows South America like Pan Am-Panagra. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent, Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the East Coast with Pan Am, the West Coast with Panagra. Go one way, return the other. You can do it for less than you've ever dreamed. For instance, the new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent is just \$550 from New York, \$520 from Miami, \$674 from Los Angeles.

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12-65

Brooke Taney died on Oct. 12, 1864. At best, there was a widespread sense of relief; at worst, an unconcealed jubilation.

For the old Chief Justice was an uncompromising constitutionalist, a stout defender of the citizen's civil rights who had struck down many wartime measures when they threatened individual rights. And many an abolitionist believed that Taney was largely to blame for the Civil War itself because of his decision refusing to free Dred Scott.

As a result, historians have all too often put Taney down as an obstructionist and defender of slavery. Now, in a beguiling biography, Author Lewis, a Washington lawyer and amateur historian, sets out to put the record straight.

Minor Vice. A tall man with a conspicuous stoop and a diffident manner, Taney looked rather like a fragile Lincoln. Courteously in dealing with lawyers, a gentle and loving family man, he had only one known vice, and that a minor one: a ferocious addiction to Cuban Principes cigars, which discolored his teeth and left his judicial robes reeking of tobacco smoke.

He was nearly 80 and had been Chief Justice for 20 years, with an outstanding record as a fair and impartial judge, when the Dred Scott case came before the Supreme Court. Author Lewis is at his skilled best when he describes the legal maneuvering and collusion between principals that made it a test case in the first place. Dred Scott was a slave who belonged to an Army surgeon named John Emerson. His master had taken Dred with him when he was ordered to duty at Fort Snelling in the Louisiana Territory. Fort Snelling was north of the line dividing slave and free territory set by the Missouri Compromise. Basically, the issue to be decided was whether Scott's service there conferred freedom on him and all of his family.

Although each of the nine Supreme Court Justices delivered a separate opinion, the court held by a vote of 7 to 2 that it did not. Taney became the focal point for public outrage because, among other things, he delivered an opinion in which he lamented the "unfortunate" condition of the Negro race but construed the Constitution, along with the "fixed and universal" belief of the age that wrote it, as demonstrating that Negroes were legally "a separate class of persons" not covered by the constitutional asseveration that "all men are created equal." The law as written, Taney concluded, gave him no ground to assert that Negroes were not "beings of an inferior order . . . so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect."

Abolitionists promptly took up the opinion and used it as a stick to beat Taney with. But Author Lewis argues that Taney was guided by his dedication to the rule of law rather than by any sympathy for slavery, pointing out that Taney had freed the last of his own

eight slaves as far back as 1821, and for most of his life was an outspoken critic of slavery. With his brother-in-law, Francis Scott Key, the Maryland attorney who is best remembered for writing the words to *The Star-Spangled Banner*, Taney was a prime mover in the American Colonization Society, designed to establish a home in Africa for freed Negroes.

Firm Hand. The Dred Scott decision alone made Taney extremely unpopular in the North, but public ire reached a crescendo after Fort Sumter, when he steadfastly opposed the war-harassed Lincoln Administration as it tried to circumvent constitutional safeguards for the sake of wartime efficiency.

Civil War or not, Taney held that it

BRUCE BRIDGES

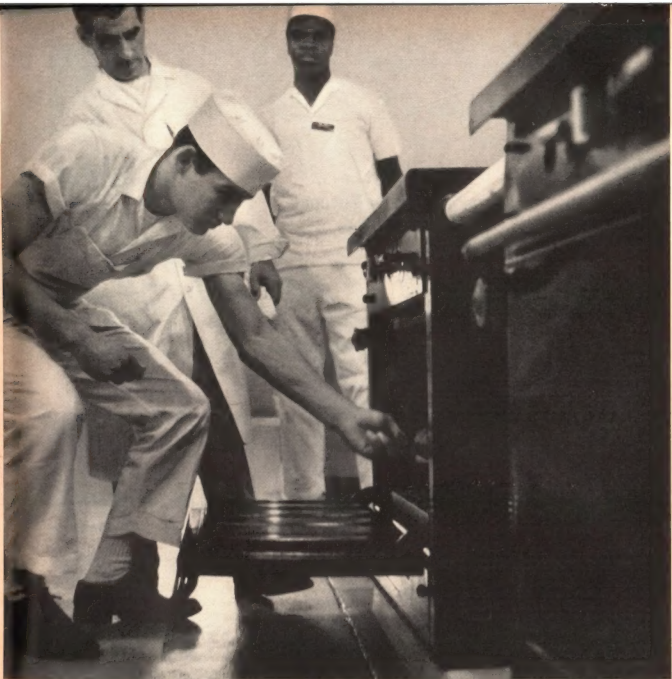


TANEY

The law upheld, the Union divided.

was the duty of the court to maintain "with an even and firm hand the rights and powers of the Federal Government, and of the States, and of the citizens, as they are written in the Constitution . . ." In a series of unpopular decisions, he held that the President alone did not have the power to order the seizure of ships trading with Confederate ports; he ordered the federal provost marshal to pay damages and costs for merchandise which had been confiscated because it was bound for Virginia. He outraged the Administration by filing an opinion that the Secretary of the Treasury was acting illegally when he deducted income tax from judicial salaries. He refused to sanction any attempt by the President to suspend the writ of habeas corpus.

As the attacks against him grew in intensity and viciousness, the old Chief Justice's health steadily declined. He was conscious of the gloating watchfulness and sensitive to hostility, which is perhaps why, even near the end, he did not seem to fear or resent death. Indeed, Taney seemed to be more concerned with the fact that the war was interfering with his supply of Cuban Principes.



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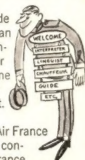
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